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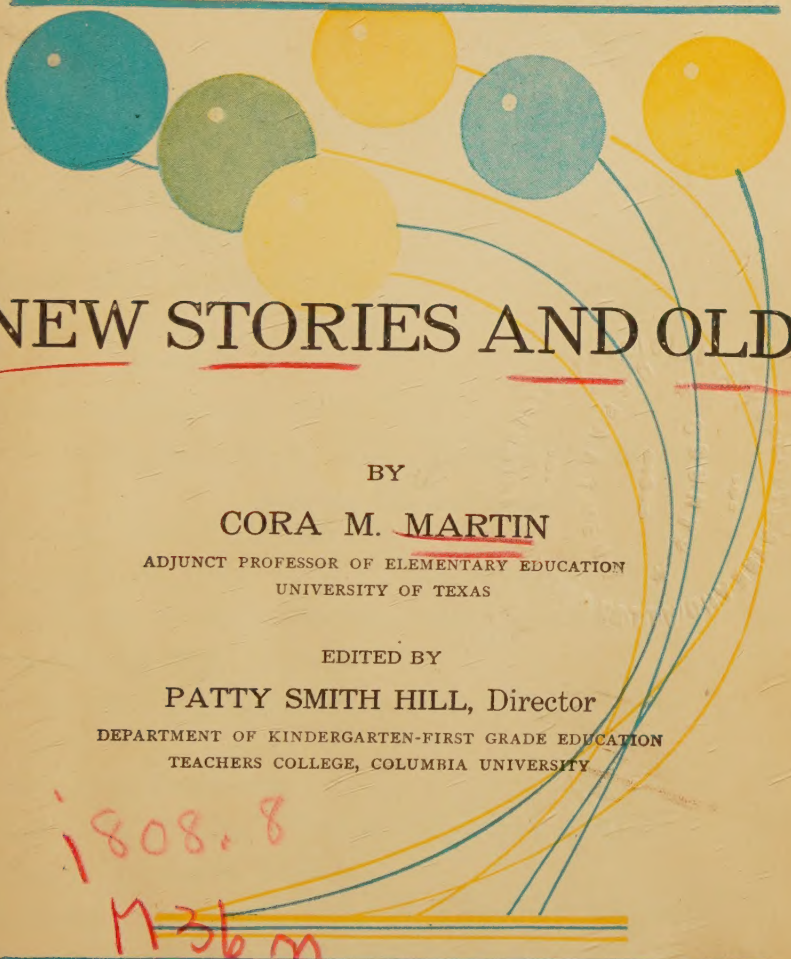

NEW STORIES AND OLD

BY

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1808.8
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON ATLANTA
SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS

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The illustrations for this book have been made from real situations in which boys and girls took part. Thanks are due to all the persons who posed for the pictures.

In the preparation of this book acknowledgment is made especially to Miss Jane Gifford, for whose skilful assistance and sympathetic coöperation the author is deeply indebted.

For permission to use selections in this book, acknowledgment is made to the following:

Dodd Mead and Company for "I Meant to Do My Work Today" by Richard La Gallienne; The Macmillan Company for "The Little Turtle" by Vachel Lindsay; Harry Noyes Pratt for "Poplar Trees are Happiest"; Lexie Dean Robertson for "The Wheel Song"; Charles Scribner's Sons for "Jack O'Lantern" by Mildred Batchelder, "The Duel" and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" by Eugene Field, "Autographs of the Sand" by Hallam Hawksworth, "Knowing the Stars" by Nina Leubrie, "Johnny Bear" and "Raggylug" by Ernest Thompson Seton, "Escape at Bedtime," "The Land of Story-Books," and "Autumn Fires" by Robert Louis Stevenson; and Yale University Press for "Wish" from *Songs for Parents* by John Chipman Farrar.

NEW STORIES AND OLD

UNCLE JOHN'S RANCH

"Come and get it, cowboys,
Get it while it's hot;
Hoe-cake's on the table
And coffee's in the pot."

Big Ben was singing in the kitchen of the ranch house.

Boots sat up in bed. He looked all around. He rubbed his eyes. What were those skins of animals that he saw on the wall? Where was he?

Then he remembered. He was out on Uncle John's ranch, and this was the day for the round-up.

Boots was not his real name. He was Johnny West, but he had not heard that name since the day, long ago, when he put on his first boots.

Johnny had always wanted boots. One day when he was at the ranch, Uncle John had given him a pair. Johnny was a happy boy that day. He put on his boots and walked all over the place in them.

"Where is Johnny?" asked Uncle John when all the cowboys came in that day.

"I saw him in a pair of boots at the corral," said a cowboy. "Here come the boots now."

From that day on, Boots had been Johnny's name at the ranch.

It did not take Boots long to dress this morning. He put on his flannel shirt and his leather chaps. He pulled on his boots and buckled his bright new spurs. He knotted his bright handkerchief around his neck. Then he got his big felt hat and ran across the yard to the kitchen.

Big Ben, the cook, was still singing:

"Out on the round-up, boys,
Tell you what you eat,
Little chunk o' bread and
A little chunk o' meat—"

When Big Ben saw Boots, he said, "Well, Boots, you're the first cow puncher down to breakfast this morning."

Boots laughed. "I don't want to be left behind to-day," he said.

One by one the cowboys came in to breakfast. There were Slick and Slim and Arizona Joe and Bill. They were all Boots's friends, but he liked Slick and Slim best of all.

The cowboys laughed and talked while they ate their breakfast. Boots finished breakfast first. While the cowboys were still eating, he went out to the corral to saddle his pony. His pony's name was Mex.

On the day that Boots came to the ranch, Uncle John said, "Here is a pony for you. If you learn to ride him, he is yours."

From that time on, Boots almost lived on Mex.

"I believe he would sleep on that pony, if the boss didn't drag him in at night," said Big Ben.

"Whoop-ee! Youpi-ya!" came from the corral. Slick looked out of the window. He saw Boots dashing about on Mex. Boots was swinging his lasso round and round.

"Youpi-ya!" he cried, as he threw his lasso at an old billy goat.

"Baa-aa-aa!" The goats ran in every direction. Boots dashed after them, whooping and yelling like a real cowboy.

Slick shook his head and laughed. "If he's not a cowboy, then I don't know one," he said.

Soon they were all in their saddles. Boots was on Mex, riding close to Slim. They rode out to the big corrals.

During the most of the year, the cows graze all over a ranch. The calves are born out in the pastures.

Once a year the cowboys have to round up the cattle. Then they mark the new calves that have been born that year.

The cowboys rode into the corral. Boots was the last one to ride in. Before the gate could be closed, a big calf dashed out. The calf started running toward the pasture.

"Head that calf!" shouted Slim.

When Slim said, "Head that calf," he meant that he wanted some one to ride in front of the calf, and to turn him back to the herd.

Boots turned Mex after the calf. Away he raced over rocks and cacti. Mex needed no one to tell him what to do.

Mex was a good pony. He had been trained by Uncle John. Uncle John had ridden Mex in many round-ups.

Soon Mex got in ahead of the calf and turned it back to the herd. Slick was waiting on his pony at the gate of the corral. He had to see that no more calves got out of the gate.

"Good work, Old Timer!" he said to Boots, as the calf dashed into the corral and the gate closed.

But Slick did not have much time to talk. The other cowboys were riding among the cattle in the corral. Slick joined them.

"Come on," he said to Boots. "Now let's see you lasso a few calves!"

All the cowboys were yelling at the cattle.

"Whoopee! Whoopee!" cried Slim, as he swung his lasso.

"Maa-aa-aa!" said the frightened little calves.

"Moo-oo-oo!" answered their mothers.

The horses seemed to know what to do without being told.

The cowboys dashed here, there, and everywhere. Boots wondered how they could tell what they were doing.

But each man had his own work to do. Some had to "cut out" of the herd the calves that were to be branded. Some had to drive into one pen any cattle that were to be shipped.

The cattle stamped and kicked. They ran all around the corral. The calves that were to be branded were maa-aa-ing for their mothers, and their mothers were moo-oo-ing for them.

The cowboys worked quickly. But Slim was the quickest of them all. He picked out a calf. He whirled his lasso round and round over his head in a big circle. Then he threw it and caught his calf.

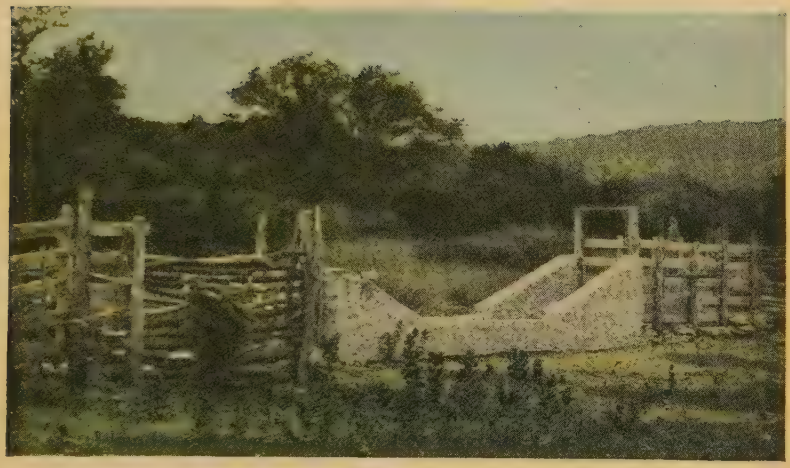
Boots jumped off his pony and ran to hold the calf. Then one of the men branded it.

When the little calf was untied it ran to its mother. The old cow licked her calf. She seemed to say, "There, there! It won't hurt long."

When the calves were all branded, th gate of the corral was opened. Out rushe the frightened cows and calves. Away the ran to the pasture.

"There's a cow with a brand that's no like Uncle John's," said Boots.

"Yes," answered Slim. "She belong to a man who has a small herd on thi ranch. That's why we have to brand th calves. We have to know who owns them.



"Now for the dipping," said Slim.

The cowboys herded the yearlings into the dipping vat. "Whoo-ee!" they cried.

Splash, splash, went the yearlings. The vat was filled with oil and water. How the cattle snorted!

"They don't like it, do they?" said Boots.

"They don't cry for it," said Slim. "But they can't turn around. They have to go on. And we have to kill the ticks on the cattle before we can ship them."

After supper that night a group of dusty cowboys sat around the ranch house door.

They told stories of stampedes. They told about driving cattle in the old days.

Slick got out his banjo, and Bill got his fiddle. They sang cowboy songs until Boots almost fell asleep.

"Boots is sleepy," said Slim. "But he's one of our regulars from now on. Did you see him head that calf to-day?"

Cowboys know and sing many songs. Here is one they like to sing.

OLD PAINT

Good-bye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne,
Good-bye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne.
I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne, I'm off for Montan';
Good-bye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne.

My foot in the stirrup, my pony won't stand.
Good-bye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne.

When early settlers came to the southwest they found thousands of wild cows on the prairie. These cows had long horns. They were called "long-horned" cattle.

Men rounded up the long-horned cattle into herds. There were no fences then on the prairie. So the herds grazed near and far.

One man's cattle often wandered into another herd. So the cattle men had to find a way to know their own cattle.

Each man took a certain mark, or brand. He branded all of the cattle in his herd with that mark. Then, wherever his cows went, any one knew who owned them.

Every spring the cattle were rounded up. Then each calf that had been born was marked with the brand of its mother.

Most of the long-horned cattle were sent up north to market. In those days there were no trains. So the cattle were driven "up the trail" by the cowboys.

It was the work of the cowboys, also, to round up the cattle each year and mark the new calves.

A cowboy's life was hard. But there was much fun in it, as you will see from the following story.

Read and Tell

1. What important animal did the first white settlers find on the prairie?

Prairie dogs.

Long-horned cattle.

Coyotes.

2. Pick out two of the sentences here that explain why there used to be more cowboys than there are now.

A cowboy's life was hard.

There were no fences.

There were Indians on the prairie.

There were no railroads.

3. Make a list of the things that were dangerous in the life of a cowboy in the old days. Then read the following story. Did you miss some dangers that are pointed out in the story? Did you put in some that are not told about in the story?

LITTLE JIM

Little Jim was born many years ago in a ranch house on the prairie. He really had been little then. Now he was a tall, strong boy.

But his father and mother, and all the cowboys who worked for his father, had called him Little Jim for a long time. So Little Jim he remained.

Indians hunted close by the ranch house where Jim grew up. In the walls of the house were small holes. Out of these holes Jim had often pointed a gun to fight off the Indians. Often, he had been glad of the iron bars on the windows, when the Indians were prowling about.

Jim had "broken" wild ponies. He had herded wild cows. He had killed a bear. And he was not yet fifteen years old!

"Little Jim," said the boy's father one morning, "how would you like to go up the trail with the herd this spring?"

Now, the most exciting thing that could happen to a boy in those days, was to be told that the time had come for him to go "up the trail." Little Jim's father was sending a herd of cattle to the market up north. It would take many weeks to make the trip.

Little Jim was delighted to go. He knew most of the cowboys who were going. Pete, Jim's cowboy friend, was going, too.

So one bright spring morning, Little Jim saw his first trail-driving. There were about two thousand "head" of cattle in the herd.

Little Jim said "Good-bye" to his mother. Then he rode off on his pony.

A day's work on the trail was long and hard. The cowboys were up with the sun. They ate breakfast at the "chuck-wagon" which carried the food for the men. A cook traveled with the herd to get meals.

The cowboys did not spend much time at breakfast. Each day they had to get the cattle started early on the trail. The cattle grazed as they went. But each day found them farther north.

At the very end of a herd there were always some stray calves. Cowboys called the little stray calves "dogies."

Little Jim's place was often at the end of the herd, where he looked after the "dogies."

Day after day, on went the herd up the trail. On rode Little Jim, on his pony, Indian.

Little Jim saw many wild animals on the trail. He often saw deer and wild turkeys. At night he heard coyotes howling. But of all the wild animals that he saw, he liked the prairie dogs best. They seemed like funny little people, standing up like sticks beside their houses.

Jim was afraid that his horse might step into a prairie dog hole. But still he was glad to see the prairie dogs.

When the herd reached its "bed grounds" each evening, the cowboys had to round up the cattle for the night's rest.

It was a tired lot of cowboys that lay on the ground at night after the cattle were "bedded." Even then they could not rest long, for they took turns being on guard during the night.

Sometimes there was one man who guarded the horses at night. But often the cowboys hobbled their horses. Then the horses could graze, but they could not wander far away.

After the evening meal, when the herd was bedded and the horses were taken care of, the men rolled up in their blankets and slept under the stars. Most of the time they were ready for sleep!

Often, however, they sat in camp at night and sang songs and told stories. Those were the times that Little Jim liked best of all.

He liked to hear the cowboy songs. He liked to hear the stories of other trips up the trail, when the cattle had stampeded.

For sometimes the cattle used to become frightened. Then they stampeded. They were very wild. They raced over the prairie. They ran over each other, and often they ran over and killed the cowboys.

Whenever some one told about a stampede, Little Jim hoped that nothing would start his father's cattle off in a stampede. He hoped that the nights would be clear. Sometimes lightning and thunder made the cattle stampede.

The cowboys used to sing to the cattle. They sang to keep them quiet.

Little Jim always felt safe if he heard the cowboy on watch singing to the cattle.

Away off he might hear a coyote howling. From the herd came, now and then, a low "Moo-oo!"

But Little Jim knew that all was well, for he could hear the low voice of a cowboy, singing on his rounds.

Pete slept beside Jim at night. He taught the boy to tell time by the stars.

"Now go to sleep," Pete would say after they had talked and talked, "or the stars will be showing me that it is my turn to get up and go on watch!"

Soon Little Jim would be fast asleep, not to waken until Pete came riding at day-break, crying, "Youpi-yi! Who-ee! Get up, Cowpuncher, before I lasso you!"

Choose the Right Word or Phrase

1. When Little Jim knew that he was going up the trail he was
   glad, sorry, afraid.
2. Jim looked after the
   dogies, horses, wild turkeys.
3. At night the cowboys
   took turns watching the herd.
   let the herd take care of itself.
   all sat up and watched.
4. Cowboys, on the trail, slept
   on the bare ground.
   in beds.
5. When cattle stampeded, they were
   wild and dangerous.
   easy to handle.
6. Cowboys sang to the cattle
   to keep them quiet.
   to pass the time.

KNOWING THE STARS

Can you tell the names of some stars? If you were a cowboy on the prairie, could you find your way by the stars? Could you find the North Star? Could you find the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper? These stories might help you.

Why Stars Twinkle

All people on earth are at the bottom of a great sea. This is not a sea of water, but of air. All around our earth the air reaches miles and miles from the surface up into the sky. The higher up we go the lighter and thinner the air becomes.

You may understand the arrangement of the air round the earth, if you understand how feathers lie when they are in a heap. At the bottom of the heap, the feathers are packed down and crowded together. At the top of the heap, they are loose and light.

So the air is packed down and heavy near the surface of the earth. It is thinner and lighter higher up. In the same way, on the mountain top the air is lighter than it is at the foot of the mountain.

Men have gone over seven miles up in the air in a balloon. But the air is so thin seven miles up that it is hard for any one to get air enough to breathe. One hundred miles from the earth's surface there is scarcely any air. And one hundred and fifty miles up, there is no air at all.

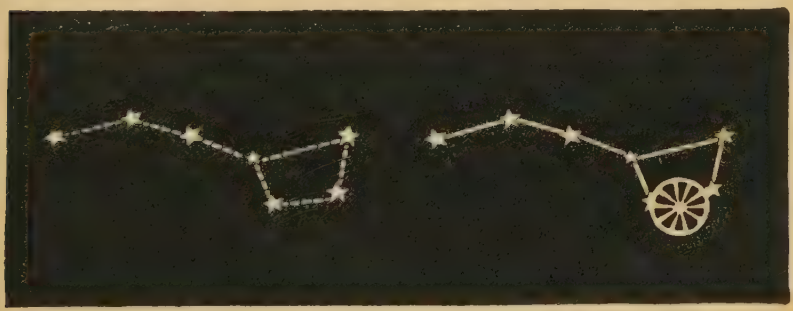
Now the stars are far, far beyond the air that surrounds our earth. When we look at stars, we look at them through a sea of air. They seem to sparkle and move.

But it is not the stars that move — the air moves. It makes the stars seem to move. We say then that the stars twinkle.

The Big Dipper

In the northern sky is a group of seven stars we call the "Big Dipper." We think these stars form the outline of a dipper,

but long ago people thought the same stars outlined other things. In one country they called the group "Arthur's Chariot," the chariot of their king, Arthur. In another country it was called "Charles's Wain," which means "Charles's Wagon." At one time it was known as the "Great Plow."



How to Find the North Star

An imaginary arrow drawn through the two end stars in the bowl of the Big Dipper and extended above the bowl will point almost to the North Star. The two end stars are known as the "Pointers." They

point to a star that is always in the north called the North Star. It is at the end of the handle of the Little Dipper.

Cassiopeia's Chair

Have you ever seen a great W in the northern sky? It is made of five bright stars. At times it looks like an M, or W upside down.

The Greeks long ago said these stars formed the outline of a Greek chair. You can find the W in this way:

Imagine a line drawn from the Pointers to the North Star. On one side of this imaginary line, beyond the North Star, you will see the W; on the other side of this imaginary line are five stars that form a poor K. This is the story the Greeks told of the W and the K.

Cassiopeia and Cepheus

Cassiopeia was a queen more beautiful than most women. But she was a foolish queen. She was proud, and boasted of her beauty:

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"I am more beautiful than any one on earth. I am lovelier than any one else."

Her husband, Cepheus, also boasted of her beauty. He went to the foot of a mountain where the rulers of all the world, earth and sky, lived, and he called aloud:

"Cassiopeia is lovelier than any one on earth. She is more beautiful than any ruler in the sky. Hear me! I say that nobody is beautiful except Cassiopeia."

He shouted this over and over. The rulers in the sky heard this boasting.

"We must rid the earth of such foolish boasters," they said. So they put Cassiopeia

and Cepheus in the sky as a warning, and there you may see them. Cepheus stands near Cassiopeia as she sits in her chair in the northern skies.

The Pleiades

There is a group of tiny twinkling stars that many people call the "Little Dipper." Now you already know that the Little

Dipper is near the Big Dipper in the northern sky. These twinkling stars in a close group are not near the Big Dipper. They seem to rise in the east and pass almost overhead. They are called "The Pleiades."

Men have noticed the Pleiades for thousands of years. People of ancient times, hunters, shepherds, Indians, all had stories of how this group came to be in the skies.

One of the stars is not as bright as the others. Sometimes we cannot see it. An Indian story says that a little Indian boy up in that star hides his face in his hands when he is homesick. Then he shuts out the light of the star.

This is the story the Greeks told long ago about the Pleiades:

There were seven sisters who dearly

loved one another. One day as they played together, a giant, the hunter Orion, saw them and pursued them with his dog. In terror they called for help to Zeus, the ruler of the skies. He took pity on the sisters and changed them to doves. The seven white doves flew up into the sky and hid among the stars. On clear nights you can see them, changed to stars, but still flocking together like doves.

NINA LEUBRIE

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead, and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.

There ne'er were such thousands of leaves
on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked
down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.
The Dog, and the Plow, and the Hunter,
and all,
And the star of the sailor and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by
the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me
with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in
my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

What Is the Missing Word?

1. People on earth are at the bottom of a sea of ___.

2. The higher up we are, the ___ and ___ the air becomes.

3. Stars do not move, but the ___ does.

4. The air is ___ at the top of a mountain than it is at the bottom.

5. The Big Dipper is in the ___ sky.

6. The Big Dipper has also been known as ___, ___, and ___.

7. The two end stars of the Big Dipper are called the ___.

8. If you were lost in the woods, you could find your way home by the ___ star.

9. The North star shows which way is ___.

10. Cassiopeia's chair looks like a ___.

11. Another name for the Pleiades is ___.

Under a mesquite tree down in the big pasture, a little baby lamb opened his eyes for the first time on a bright spring morning.

Blink, blink, blink! The sun shone into the little lamb's eyes.

He tried to get up on his legs, but they were too wobbly. Down he went on the ground.

"Baa-a-a!" he cried in a frightened voice.

His mother ran to him. He was not afraid of the new strange world when his mother was beside him.

In a few days the little lamb's legs were strong. Then he could stand up and run all around his mother in the pasture.

One day, a man and a little boy came into the pasture. They were looking at the new baby lambs.

"Oh, father," said the little boy, whose name was Billy. "Look at that little lamb. Isn't he funny on his long, wobbly legs!"

The little lamb came closer to Billy.

"See him come 'snooping' around," said Billy. "Let's call him Snoops, father."

"You may have Snoops, Billy," said father.

Billy came often to the pasture to see his pet lamb. At last Snoops seemed to wait to see him every day.

Once when Billy came to the pasture, he did not see Snoops anywhere. He looked behind every clump of mesquite trees. He looked behind some big rocks that were in the pasture. But he did not see Snoops.

A little stream ran through the pasture. Billy ran along the bank of the stream.

At last he heard a faint "Baa-aa-aa!"

"That's Snoops," said Billy, as he ran on. Then he heard Snoops's mother cry "Maa-aa-aa!"

"There is something wrong with Snoops," thought Billy, as he hurried along.

Sure enough, around the next turn of the stream Billy came upon Snoops and his mother. Snoops had stumbled on to some quicksand, and could not get himself out of it. His mother cried loudly on the bank, but she could not help her baby.

As quick as a flash, Billy turned around and ran to the house.

"Father!" he called. "Come quickly!"

Father went running back to the stream with Billy. He got the little lamb out of the quicksand and set him on the bank.

How glad Snoops's mother was to have her baby safely back again! And how glad Snoops was to be back!

"That's one time you went snooping around too much, little lamb," said Billy.

"It's a good thing you came for me at once, Billy," said Father. "I'm sure that Snoops will never go there again!"

By the next spring, Snoops had grown very big. There were new baby lambs in the pasture. But Snoops was still Billy's pet. Whenever Billy went into the pasture, Snoops was sure to run up to him.

One morning, the sheep shearers came to Billy's farm. They were men who went from farm to farm doing nothing but shearing sheep.

"We are ready for you," said Father to the shearers. "The sheep are in the pen."

The sheep had been driven into the sheep pen. They did not know what was going to happen, but they did not like it, whatever it was.

The shearers pulled their wagon up beside a shed. They started their motors.

Two men worked on each side of the wagon. Each man took a sheep, and held it on the ground. He sheared off all the sheep's wool with his clippers.

The clippers were run by machinery, but the men guided the clippers over the sheep's bodies. The sheep did not like it, but they were not really hurt.

The shearers worked very fast. One man, whose name was José, worked so fast that Billy did not think he got all the wool off the sheep. But he did! And a big pile of wool it was, too.

As soon as José finished with one sheep, he got another from the pen and put it on the ground. Then, clip, clip, clip, and another roll of wool was ready to be picked up.

The sheep shearers' little boy picked up the wool as each sheep was clipped. He made a big pile of it.

Billy wondered when it would be Snoops's turn to be clipped.

At last they were ready for Snoops. But for once Snoops did not want to know what was going to happen. He jumped up and ran away every time he was held down on the ground.

Snoops got out of the pen, and started for the pasture.

"Go and get Snoops, Billy," said Father.

Billy ran after Snoops. He called to Snoops to come back. Snoops did not mind coming back to Billy — Billy was his friend. So back he came. At last the boy got his lamb back to the pen.

The sheep shearer took Snoops by the leg. Then Snoops lost his first coat of wool.

At last every sheep was sheared. Billy's father turned them all out into another pen.

How funny they looked. They ran around in the sunshine, and cried so sadly, "Maa-aa! Maa-aa!"

Snoops was the funniest of all. He ran this way and that. He ran up to Billy.

"Maa-aa!" he cried. He seemed to say, "Why did you let them do this to me?"

"It won't hurt you, Snoops," said Billy. "You will be glad of it before the hot summer is over."

READ AND TELL

1. Where was Snoops born?
2. How did Snoops get his name?
3. Who was Snoops's friend?
4. How did Snoops get into trouble?
5. How did Billy save his pet?
6. Why did Billy have to hurry?
7. Why didn't Snoops's mother save him when he got into the quicksand?
8. How were the sheep sheared?
9. Who sheared the sheep?
10. Which one of the sheep shearers worked very fast?
11. What lamb gave trouble to the sheep shearers?
12. What work did the sheep shearer's little boy do?
13. How did the sheep look after they were sheared?

Going Fishing

"Cindy, oh, Cindy!" called Rastus from the cabin door.

Rastus's little sister came running to the house.

"Do you want to go fishing with me?" asked Rastus. "I'm going fishing down at the creek."

"Oh, yes!" cried Cindy.

"Then let's go out in the lot and dig some bait," said Rastus.

Rastus and Cindy could not find the shovel. But they did not wait to look for it. They found a big pick, and then off they ran to the lot. The pick was almost as big as Rastus was. He could not run very fast.

"This is a good place to get bait," said Rastus.

"I'll help you," said Cindy.

Rastus dug the ground, and Cindy picked up the worms. She put them carefully into the bait can.

"Now let's run to the house and get our poles and lines," said Cindy.

Off they ran. As soon as they had gone, a great big rooster came along.

In a few minutes Rastus and Cindy came back. The can of bait was empty.

The big old rooster was having a fine dinner on Rastus's fishing worms.

"Cut-cut-cut," he called to the hens, "come and eat some good worms!"

A hen came running to eat with him.

"I'll show you!" shouted Rastus. He picked up a big stick and ran after the rooster.

Around and around ran the rooster. Around and around ran Rastus.

Feathers flew right and left. The rooster flew up on the fence.

"Cut-cut!" he said over and over. He seemed to say, "Dear, dear!"

But on ran Rastus. At last the rooster flew up into a mesquite tree. Rastus threw his stick. The old rooster almost fell out of the tree. "Cut-cut!" he said. "My goodness! My goodness!"

"What in the world are you doing, Rastus?" called his Mammy, who had run out to the fence.

"That old rooster ate all of my bait," said Rastus.

"Never mind," said Mammy. "You can dig some more in a little while."

"Come on, Rastus," said Cindy, "I know where there is another place to get worms."

As soon as the children had dug more bait, they ran down the path to the creek.

The path went through some mesquite trees, and past a pond which the river had filled during the last rain. Suddenly the path came out on the bank of a little creek.

"This will be a good place to fish, Cindy," said Rastus. "I know we'll find some fish here."

It was fun to be down by the creek. Grasshoppers jumped up as Rastus and Cindy walked along. A mocking bird sang in a tree near by. The little creek sang too, as it ran to meet the big river.

"I like to go fishing," said Rastus. "And we'll catch some fish, too, even if the old rooster did eat our bait."

Rastus and Cindy laughed about the rooster.

"Oh, look, look!" cried Cindy. "There's a turtle."

Sure enough, there was a turtle going along slowly in the sunshine.

"Let's turn it over on its back," said Rastus. "When we go home, we can take it to Mammy. She will make us some soup."

Then Cindy turned the turtle over on its back.

"Stay here till we come back, Mr. Turtle," said Cindy.

Rastus and Cindy sat down on the bank. They baited their hooks and dipped them into the water. Then they sat very still. That is the way to catch fish.

Big green dragon flies darted over the creek. Tiny fish played in the water near the bank. A butterfly went slowly by. Rastus did not move.

But Cindy wanted to talk. "I know a poem about a turtle," she said at last. "We learned it at school."

"Sh, sh," said Rastus. But Cindy went on.

The Little Turtle

There was a little turtle,
He lived in a box,
He swam in a puddle,
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito,
He snapped at a flea,
He snapped at a minnow,
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito,
He caught the flea,
He caught the minnow,
But he didn't catch me.

VACHEL LINDSAY

Rastus laughed at Cindy's poem.

"That's funny," he said. "But you have to keep still, Cindy, if you want to fish with me."

So Cindy was quiet for a while.

Suddenly Rastus jumped. Something had his hook and was jerking it up and down. Rastus wanted to pull it out of the water, but he sat still and waited.

"Sh," he said. "Be very still, Cindy."

Then the fish on Rastus's hook started to swim away. Rastus jerked his line quickly. He landed a big fish on the bank!

It was a big white perch. How it flopped when it hit the ground!

"Oh, Rastus, look out! Don't let it get by you," cried Cindy. She was trying to catch it in her hands.

"Catch it, Cindy, catch it!" cried Rastus. Rastus jumped again, but he missed the fish again.

The children laughed and ran after the fish. First it was at Cindy's feet. Down she went. She thought she had it, but the fish flopped away. It flopped nearer and nearer to the bank of the creek.

"I have it," cried Rastus at last. Just then his foot slipped out from under him. He fell backwards into some bushes.

"Ouch, ouch!" cried Rastus. "Yellow jackets! Yellow jackets!"

Rastus jumped to his feet. He waved his hat around his head. The white perch went flying through the air and back into the creek. But Rastus did not care now.

"Ouch!" he cried. He dashed wildly up the creek bank with a swarm of yellow jackets buzzing around his head. Cindy ran, too.

"Z-z-zip!" One of the wasps stung Rastus. Then another and another stung him.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Rastus. Yellow jackets were trying to stick him on every side. They buzzed all around his face. They even got through the hole in the top of his hat. They got tangled up in his hair.

Rastus jerked off his hat. He threw it away from him, as far as he could. It sailed through the air, just as the fish had done.

"Cindy, Cindy!" called Rastus. "Help, help!"

But Cindy was not there to help. She was running along the bank as fast as her little legs would carry her. She did not want the yellow jackets to get her, too. As she ran, she stumbled over something in the path. She picked it up. Then she ran on.

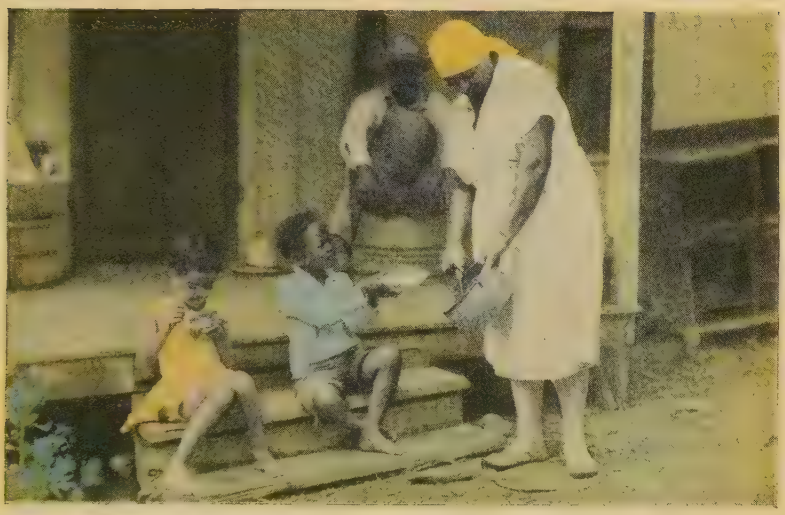
Rastus ran around and around trying to fight off the yellow wasps. At last one stung the back of his neck. Rastus jumped. He went heels over head into the creek!

Some time later Mammy looked out of the cabin door. She saw a queer sight. Mud and water were dripping from Rastus's clothes. But he had only a few stings on the back of his neck and on top of his head. Mammy came to meet him.

"Bless you," said Mammy. "Did those old yellow jackets sting you? Come right along with me."

Mammy put something on Rastus's neck to make it feel cool. Then Rastus lay down to rest. In a minute he was fast asleep.

When Rastus woke the sun was sinking behind the trees. He sat up and sniffed. He jumped to his feet.



"Oh, Mammy," said Rastus, as he ran into the house. "Something smells like turtle soup. We caught a turtle, but when the yellow jackets stung me, I forgot it. I left it at the creek."

"But I didn't forget it," said Cindy. "I brought it home with me when I ran away from the yellow jackets."

"Turtle soup, turtle soup!" sang Rastus.

"Here is your turtle soup," said Mammy.

Rastus and Cindy sat on the back porch and ate their turtle soup.

"I'm glad you stopped and picked up the turtle, Cindy," said Rastus, "I wouldn't have stopped for anything."

Cindy laughed. "You did look funny," she said, "with those yellow jackets coming after you!"

"Well, it was a good day," said Rastus. "Even if I did get stung and fall in the creek and lose my fish, this is good turtle soup!"

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ANSWER

1. Who went fishing with Rastus?
   - His mother.
   - His sister.
2. What did they take for bait?
   - Worms.
   - Grasshoppers.
3. What happened to Rastus's bait?
   - The rooster ate it.
   - It fell into the creek.
4. Where did the rooster fly?
   - Into a mesquite tree.
   - On top of the house.
5. Where did the children go fishing?
   - In the creek.
   - In the river.
6. What did they do with the turtle?
   - Turned it on its back.
   - Let it go.

7. What did Rastus catch?
   A dragon fly,
   One white perch.
8. What happened to the fish?
   It flopped back into the creek.
   Rastus threw it back into the creek.
9. What stung Rastus?
   Hornets.
   Wasps.
10. What did Cindy pick up in the path?
    A big white perch.
    A turtle.
    Her fishing pole.
11. What did the children have for supper?
    Some fish.
    Turtle soup.
12. What happened to the possum?
    Mammy cooked it with sweet potatoes.
    It went away in the moonlight.

While Rastus and Cindy ate their soup, their mammy told them this story. It is about another little boy who went fishing.

SIMON AND THE BLACK GUM TREE

A long time ago there was a little boy named Simon. His mammy often called him Great Simon. They lived together in a little cabin.

Simon's mammy worked every day. Every day when she left the cabin she would say to him, "Now, Simon, Great Simon, be a good boy. Don't go out of the yard while I am away. Mind what I say, and when I come back I'll bring you something good."

"Yes'm," Simon would answer. And then he would go on making frog houses by packing wet sand over his bare feet.

One day Simon's mammy let him go fishing with some of the big boys. They showed him how to bait his hook and what to do with his sinker and cork. After a while he caught a flat golden perch, and he ran home as fast as he could to show it to his mammy.

"Look, mammy; see what I've caught. Cook him now, mammy. Cook him now!"

Every day after Simon caught that fish, he begged his mammy to let him go fishing.

"Once in a while you may go with the big boys, Simon, Great Simon. But you must never, never go alone."

More than once Simon wished to slip off by himself, but he was afraid. He knew his mammy often came back to the cabin during the day.

One day when Simon knew his mammy would be very, very busy, he made up his mind to run away.

"I can fish for two or three hours this afternoon and get back before dark."

Simon's mammy started off to work. "Be a good boy, Simon, and stay at home," she said.

"Y-e-s, m-am," he answered and his eyes grew big. He was stuffing his fishing-line into his pocket the very moment his mammy called to him.

Then away she went.

Simon waited a little while. Then he went into the cabin, ate some bread and syrup, and went out again to dig his bait. With his cup full of worms, his hook and line and pole all ready, he set out for the creek.

The fishing hole was a long way from the cabin. But Simon cut across the fields. When he came to the woods, he sat down by a big oak. He was so tired that he soon fell fast asleep. There is no telling how long he would have slept if it had not been for a hawk. The big bird flew down and struck Simon with its wing.

Up jumped the little boy. He looked around and started to run back home. Then he remembered where he was and what he was going to do.

Simon started on his way again through the woods. As he walked along, the leaves seemed to get up and follow him. Every time he lifted his foot, he heard a tiny rustling sound. He felt the breeze which the leaves made as they came after him. How he trembled! But on he ran. At last

he reached the fishing hole in the creek. There was the very place where he had caught the golden perch. He forgot all about the hawk, the leaves, and his mammy at home. He wanted to jump and dance for joy.

All at once a big black cloud came in the sky. It made everything look dark. He heard a loud ripple on the water, and — splash! The head of a big fish popped out of the pool and said:

"Bait your hook, Simon,
Bait your hook, Simon,
Bait your hook, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

The little boy trembled. But he did just what the fish told him to do. He put a worm on the hook. Then the fish said:

"Cast it in, Simon,
Cast it in, Simon,
Cast it in, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

And Simon cast his line into the pool. The cork began to bob up and down. He heard another loud ripple on the water. Then the fish cried out:

"Pull me out, Simon,
Pull me out, Simon,
Pull me out, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

The little boy gave a hard pull. Out came the fish. When the fish hit the ground it cried:

"There's your fire, Simon,
There's your fire, Simon,

There's your fire, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

Not far from the tree where Simon stood he saw a fire that blazed and crackled. In an old stump near the tree was a big knife. The fish said:

"Cut me up, Simon,
Cut me up, Simon,
Cut me up, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

Simon laid the fish on the stump, pulled out the knife, and cut the fish up. But still the fish cried out:

"Put me in the pan, Simon,
Put me in the pan, Simon,
Put me in the pan, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

There on the stump was a new pan. Simon put the fish into the pan. The grease popped out of the pan and all over Simon. He jumped about, then covered his face and hands. But he couldn't run away. The fish called out:

"Now I am done, Simon,
Now I am done, Simon,
Take me up, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

As Simon lifted off the pan, the fish called out:

"Eat me up, Simon,
Eat me up, Simon,
Eat me up, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

So Simon sat down at the root of a tree and ate the fish — every bit! Suddenly he

felt something move behind him. He slowly turned his head. He saw that the tree he was leaning against was opening. And the fish inside him cried out:

"Walk right in, Simon,
Walk right in, Simon,
Walk right in, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!"

Simon walked in and the big tree closed!

That night when Simon's mammy came back to the cabin, she could not find her little boy anywhere.

"Simon," she called, "Great Simon, where are you?" But there was no answer.

She ran back to the big house, crying for her little boy. People came to help her hunt for Simon. They took torches, axes, and rope. The dogs soon found the tree

that had swallowd up the little boy. Here they began to bark and howl and whine. How frightened the men were!

"Simon is locked up in a black gum tree," said one.

"Come, we'll split the tree with our axes and get him out."

"That will not be hard to do," said the other. "A black gum tree is easy to split."

They lifted their axes and struck hard at the tree. But each time they hit the tree their axes bounced back like a rubber ball.

"We can't even make a mark," they cried out. "The black gum tree is bewitched."

They dropped their axes and ran as fast as they could back to their homes. And from that time to this no one has ever been able to split a black gum tree.

NEGRO NURSERY TALE

FINISH THE SENTENCES

1. Every day, Simon's mammy said to him, "Be a ___ ___."

2. Simon's mammy said, "Don't go out of the ___."

3. One day Simon's mammy let him go ___.

4. Simon went fishing and caught a flat golden ___.

5. The fish said to Simon,

"Bait your ___, Simon."

"___ it in, Simon."

"___ me out, Simon."

"There's your ___, Simon."

"Cut ___ up, Simon."

"Put me in the ___, Simon."

"Now I am ___, Simon."

"Eat me ___, Simon."

"Walk ___ ___, Simon."

One day early in autumn, Rastus and Cindy went hunting after school. They took little baskets with them. They were hunting for nuts.

All around the children's home grew chinquapin trees. Some of the nuts had fallen to the ground after the first frost.

Rastus and Cindy scrambled among the yellow leaves.

"Here is one," cried Rastus.

Cindy got down on her hands and knees to hunt the chinquapins. Leaves scattered this way and that, as Cindy looked for nuts.

"Um-m-m!" said Rastus. "Won't these be good next winter?"

"They're good right now," said Cindy, as she ate a nut.

"I wonder if persimmons are ripe yet," said Rastus. "I like persimmons even better than nuts."

"Perhaps they are ripe," said Cindy. "They get ripe after the frost comes."

"Let's hurry and fill our baskets," said Rastus. "Then we can look at the persimmons. I know where there is a tree."

Cindy and Rastus picked enough nuts to fill their baskets. Then they hurried off to the persimmon tree.

"It's getting late," said Cindy. "We will have to hurry or we won't be able to see the persimmons."

"If there are any persimmons on that tree, I can find them," Rastus answered. "You have almost as good a nose for persimmons as Brother Possum has," said Cindy.

At last the children reached the persimmon tree. They put down their baskets and looked for persimmons on the ground.

"I've found one," cried Cindy, "but there is a piece bitten out of it."

"Look at all the persimmon seeds scattered under this tree," said Rastus. "I can see that old Brother Possum has already been here. He knows when persimmons are ripe."

"Climb up in the tree and shake some persimmons to the ground," said Cindy.

Rastus scrambled up into the persimmon tree. He took hold of a big branch and shook it.

"Oh, ho!" cried Rastus. "Here's a possum, Cindy, here's a possum! So you are the one who has been eating persimmons, Brother Possum!"

Rastus shook the tree harder. Out on the very end of a branch sat a fat little possum, blinking his tiny black eyes at Rastus. He looked like a queer little old man who had just got out of bed and had forgotten to wash his face and comb his hair.

"I'd much rather have a pet possum than persimmons," said Cindy.

"So should I," said Rastus. "Look out, Cindy. I am going to shake him out of the tree."

Rastus shook and shook. But the possum just held on with all his might. Rastus shook harder. The little possum slipped.

"There you go. Hurrah! A pet possum! A pet possum!" cried Rastus.

But the possum did not fall. He slipped a little bit, and then he wrapped his slick little tail around the branch so he could hold on better. He was now hanging, head down, from the branch.

Rastus shook the tree as hard as he could. Off fell the possum, with a thud.

"Grab him, Cindy, grab him!" cried Rastus.

"Oh, Rastus, he's dead. Poor little possum, we didn't mean to kill you," said Cindy.

"Well," said Rastus, "we can take him home for Mammy to cook. She will bake him with sweet potatoes. I will like him that way, too. Besides, perhaps Mammy would not have let us keep him as a pet. He would steal all of the old hen's eggs."

Cindy liked the idea of possum and sweet potatoes, herself, but she still felt sorry that they had killed the possum.

They took up their baskets of nuts. Rastus lifted the possum by his tail. He carried it home over his shoulder.

By the time they reached home, the sun had gone down and the moon was shining.

"Put the possum down, Rastus, and let's go in and tell Mammy and Daddy," said Cindy.

As soon as they had gone into the house, the little possum opened one eye. Then he opened two eyes. He raised his head and looked all around.

He saw that only the moon and the big rooster up in the mesquite tree were watching. So he got up and slipped away in the moonlight.

Just then Cindy and Rastus ran out of the cabin. Mammy was with them.

"Here is the possum," cried both the children.

But no possum was there. Mammy laughed and went back into the house.

"Where can the possum be?" asked Cindy. She looked everywhere.

"Where can the possum be?" asked Rastus. He looked all around, but he did not see the possum.

The big rooster up in the mesquite tree knew where the possum was. But he was not going to tell any one. He was surely not going to tell any little boy who would run after a rooster with a stick!

Rastus looked up at the big rooster. The rooster turned his head. But he did not say one word.

"I wonder where that possum is," said Rastus.

"I wonder, too," said Cindy.

But to this day Rastus and Cindy have never found out what happened to the little possum.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ANSWER

1. Around the children's house grew
   pine trees.
   chinquapin trees.
2. Rastus liked better to eat
   persimmons.
   nuts.
3. Who had been in the persimmon tree first?
   Rastus.
   The possum.
4. When Rastus shook the possum out of the tree,
   the possum died.
   he pretended to be dead.
5. Cindy liked possum baked with
   sweet potatoes.
   egg plant.
   apples.

JOURNEY'S END FARM

Splash, splash, splash!

"Come on, Tommy! Come on, Ann! Let's splash in the brook!"

Jean and Ann were Tommy's cousins. They lived up north in the city. They were visiting Tommy at Journey's End Farm. It was their first visit to a farm, and they were having great fun.

Suddenly there was a big splash. Down went Jean into the water.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Ann, as she ran to help Jean. "That's a good joke on you. Now you're all wet."

Tommy ran to help Jean, too. Every time Jean tried to get up, she slipped back into the water. Soon they were all laughing so hard that they could not help Jean at all. At last she got on her feet again. But she was so wet that she had to go back to the house and change her dress.

"Come and see my baby goats," said Tommy, later that day.

Off ran the three children to the goat pen. There were some goats under a tree near the pen.

"Just look at all the goats!" cried Ann.

"We have many more, too," said Tommy. "They are scattered all over the pasture now. You must come here in the evening, when they come up to drink."

"But where are the babies?" asked Jean.

"They are over there in the pen," said Tommy. "Most of the baby goats are born in the spring. But there are two little babies that were born just last week."

Tommy went into the goat pen. He brought out two baby goats.

"Oh, oh!" cried Jean. "What are their names, Tommy?"

"They are twins," said Tommy. "This one is Nan, and this one is Dan."

Nan and Dan opened their mouths.

"Maa-aa!" cried Nan.

"Maa-aa!" cried Dan.

"They sound like real babies when they cry," said Jean.

"You should hear them when they are just born," said Tommy. "They do sound like babies then."

"May I hold Nan?" asked Jean.

Jean took Nan in her arms. Ann took Dan. The little goats wriggled and wriggled. They wanted to get down on the ground.

"Bow-wow!" cried Shep from the barn.

"Here, Shep, here, Shep!" called Tommy. "We are not hurting the little goats, Shep. Shep always takes good care of the baby goats."

"Maa-aa!" cried Nan and Dan.

Just then an old nanny goat came running up from the pasture. "Maa-aa!" she cried. She ran up to Ann and Jean.

"Oh, Tommy," said Jean. "The old goat is coming after us!"

"She won't hurt you," said Tommy. "She only wants to see that you don't hurt her babies."

"We won't hurt your babies," said Jean. "We only want to hold them a minute. They are so soft and woolly!"

"In the spring, father keeps the baby goats in the A houses," said Tommy. "They are little houses shaped like the letter A. Father puts a baby goat in each house.

"Each goat is fastened to his house by a rope on his leg. Then he stays around the A house all day, while his mother is grazing. At night his mother comes in from the pasture and feeds him."

One morning, after Ann and Jean had been at the farm for a while, Tommy said, "Down in the field the men are cutting oats to-day. Do you want to go and see them?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Ann and Jean, and off they ran.

They ran across the pastures and down the road. They ran through the field where the oats had been cut.

"There are the men working," said Tommy. On they ran.

"Let's play 'Follow the Leader,'" said Ann.

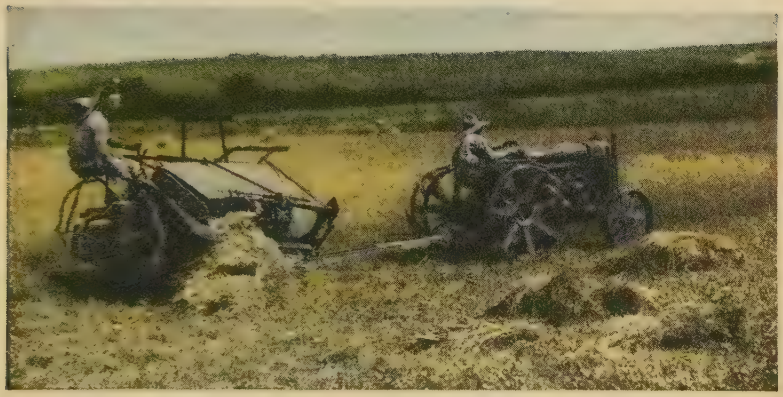
"Come on," said Tommy. "I'll be leader!"

Sometimes Tommy ran around the stacks of oats. Sometimes he jumped over them.

Ann and Jean followed Tommy.

Once, when they were jumping over a stack of oats, Ann fell down in it.

"Now every one has fallen down but Tommy," said Ann, laughing.



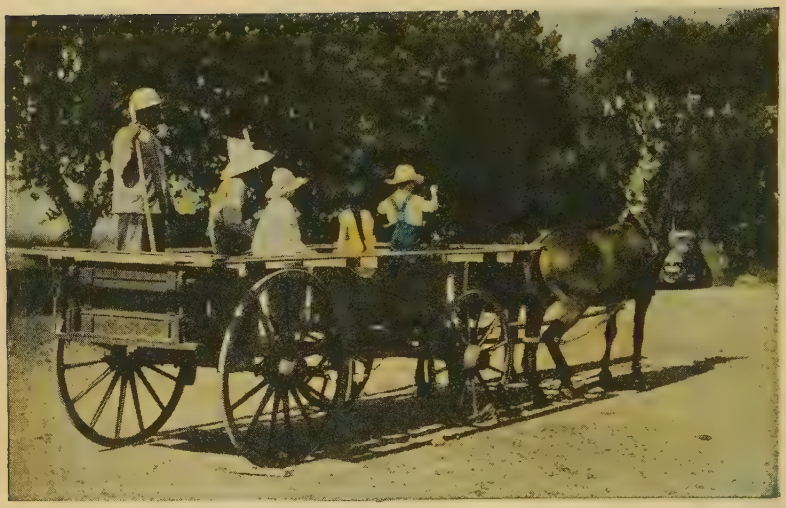
Tommy led the children to the corner of the field where the men were working.

One man drove the tractor. Another sat on the machine which cut the oats and dropped it in bundles.

"Father says that when I am a little older I may drive the tractor," said Tommy. "I can drive a team now."

"How would you like to drive the team to-day, Tommy?" asked Manuel.

Manuel worked on the farm. He took care of the horses for Tommy's father.



"Oh," said Tommy, "I'd like to do it, Manuel. Jean and Ann can ride with me."

So Jean and Ann and Tommy helped get the oats ready for threshing. They worked all the afternoon.

At last Ann said, "I'm hungry. I like to help cut the oats, but it makes me hungry."

Manuel laughed at Ann. "We're going home now," he said.

Another day, Ann and Jean and Tommy went down to see the goats.

"Look at this funny plant," said Ann. "Every leaf seems to be growing out of another leaf. And the leaves are so thick!"

"Those are prickly pears," said Tommy. "You had better not touch them."

But Tommy's warning was too late.

"Ouch, ouch!" cried Ann. "My hand has tiny spines sticking in it."

Tommy tried to get the spines out of Ann's hand.

"I can't get them all out," he said at last. "Let's go find Juan. One time he took some prickly pear spines out of my hand."

Old Juan worked on Journey's End Farm. He was the goatherd. He lived with his wife, Maria, in a little cabin down in the pasture.

Juan was glad to help Ann. He went into his house, and got some tweezers. With these he pulled the spines out of Ann's hand, one by one.

"It feels good to have all those spines out," said Ann, when he had finished.

"Prickly pears are good friends if you know how to handle them," said Juan.

"I don't ever want to handle them again," said Ann.

"I see why you call them prickly," Ann went on. "But I don't see why you call them pears. I thought pears grew on trees."

"They do," said Juan. "But this kind of cactus plant is called a prickly pear because its fruit is shaped like a pear. Come, I'll show you the little pears now."

Juan and Tommy showed the girls the little prickly pears. "These come after the yellow blossoms go away," said Juan. "After a while the fruit turns purple and red. Then it is ripe. Some people think this purple pear is very good to eat."

"Does it taste like a pear?" asked Ann.

"Some say that it does, and some say that it does not," said Juan.

"Why did you call the prickly pear a good friend, Juan?" asked Jean.

"The Indians and Mexicans sometimes use it for food," said Juan. "Many of them cook the young tender leaves. And they use the fruit in many ways. Would you like to see one way?"

"Yes, indeed," said the children.

Juan went into the house. In a few minutes he came back with a plate filled with jelly tarts.

Each of the children took one.

"Yum, yum, yum," said Tommy.

"These tarts are filled with prickly pear jelly," said Juan. "The prickly pear is the most common cactus in this country, and we always make jelly from it.

"From some cacti, the Mexicans get cheese, candy, and even pickles to eat."

Then Juan told the children about the different kinds of cacti in the desert.

"Not much rain falls in the desert," he said. "The cactus has to put its roots deep down into the soil to find water. Its thick leaves keep water from evaporating quickly.

"A prickly pear leaf needs its spines in the desert. The animals there would soon eat it up if it were not protected by spines. Most animals are willing to stay far away from the cactus."

"In my home," said Juan, "there are many kinds of cactus plants. Some of them are as small as your finger nail. Others are as tall as trees. One of them is called the tree cactus. One is the pipe organ cactus.

"One cactus is called the barrel cactus, because it looks like a barrel. It is filled with water. The Indians used its shell for a cooking vessel."

READ AND TELL

1. What the A houses were used for.
2. How they harvested oats on Journey's End Farm.
3. What Ann found out about prickly pear spines.
4. Why the cactus roots grow deep.
5. Five things that Juan told about cacti.

There are certain very interesting people of the desert that you don't often find at home, not because they aren't there, but because they don't want to be found. Snakes, lizards, rabbits, and ground squirrels slip quietly out of your way in the early morning. By the time the hot sun is high, beast and bird seek the shadows of the canyons, or of big rocks, shelving banks, or caves.

But they all leave word. In the lava beds of the Arizona desert, where not even the cactus will grow, you can make out the tracks of the quail and the linnet, and of a strange desert bird called the road-runner. There, also, are the tracks of the coyote and the wildcat, the gray wolf, and sometimes the mountain lion.

If about daybreak you saw what seemed to be a hungry dog, trotting along, it was probably a gray wolf a little late in getting home. Like the coyote, the wildcat, the owl, and many other desert people, the old gray wolf belongs to the world's great night workers and is usually back in his mountain home by sunrise. It is hard to see him. Like the coyote, he wears a rusty coat, which blends with the sand.

The coyote is a smaller member of the wolf family, to which both the dog and the fox belong. He has much of the same cunning, and like Br'er Fox is fond of chicken. But his home is usually far from people. He has few chances to visit poultry yards and lives from paw to mouth. He catches a jack-rabbit when he can, but the desert rabbits seem to sleep with both eyes open. He eats lizards when he can't get rabbits. At the worst he will make out on prickly pears, and the pods of the mesquite bush, which are full of seeds.

THE WINGED PEOPLE OF THE DESERT

Although you will not think so at first, there are a good many birds in the desert. Some are just passing through and stopping for a rest and a bite or two on the way.

Others, such as the linnet and the wrens, have their nests tucked away among the spines of the cactus, and there's a finch singing from the top of that bush! In flower time in the Arizona desert there are humming birds, but their colors are not so bright as those of our humming birds.

Feathers, like hair, have the natural color burned out of them in the desert sun. Only the insects keep their bright clothes. Turn over a stone and away will scamper golden beetles, silver beetles, turquoise blue beetles, and beetles in bronze. A whole boxful of jewels on six legs!

Insects, Lizards, Spiders, and Others

There are gray lizards, yellow lizards, and lizards called "skinks," with tails as blue as indigo. There is the gila mon-

ster, a lizard in orange and black, with a bad disposition and poison in his lower jaw. Another big lizard of the Arizona desert is called the chuckwalla. The Arizona Indians are very fond of him. They say he tastes like chicken.

There are many kinds of spiders, among them the trap-door spider, who hides and waits for his dinner in a hole with a wonderful trap-door that he made himself.

This door he slams tight when he gets you inside, if you're a fly or anything like that. He also shuts this door in the face of his enemy, the centipede, a flat worm a foot long, with loads of legs and feet. His name means "hundred footed." He has poison daggers in his feet and his two-branched tail.

HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

FROLIC OF THE WILD THINGS

Out on the prairie in a buffalo skull live the little field-mice.

Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm.

At night they build a big bright fire and dance and sing.

Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm,
Dance and sing,

"We—oh,
We—oh, we—oh."

The snow falls white and fast. But the fire burns bright, and they are warm and dry as they sing,

"We—oh,
We—oh, we—oh."

But what is this strange thing we see hopping and hopping over the snow? It is Big Rabbit. He hops and hops about. Each time his hind feet come together they make one funny track in the snow.

He sits up straight on his strong hind legs and his fore paws hang down. His long ears stand up high and his big eyes see all around. He calls and wriggles his funny nose and more rabbits come. They dance around the buffalo skull when

Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm,
Dance and sing,
"We—oh,
We—oh, we—oh."

What strange sound comes on the wind? It is not the song of the merry little field-mice. Big Rabbit sits up very straight and gives a cry. Away to the east, south, and west they all go.

Lean Gray Wolf comes creeping, creeping, creeping up. He smells in the snow the tracks of all the little rabbits. He sniffs, and sniffs, and sniffs. Dragging his long tail over the snow, around and around he goes. Then he sits and howls to the moon. Gray Wolf wants the little rabbits for his supper. But they have gone hopping, hopping, hopping, while in the buffalo skull

out on the prairie

Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm,
Dance and sing,
"We—oh,
We—oh, we—oh!"

Hark! What other strange sound comes on the wind.

"Hoot—ta—hoot—ta—hoo—a,
Hoot—ta—hoot—ta—hoo,"

says Big Owl.

Away to the woods runs Lean Gray Wolf.

Out go the fires in the buffalo skull and the mice creep away to bed.

"Quick! Quick! Quick!" says Mother Mouse. She knows that Big Owl is fond of mice. She knows, too, that Big Owl watches over the prairie for fires in the buffalo skull.

Now the merry little field-mice are snug in bed all covered up tight. No longer they sing,

"We—oh,
We—oh, we—oh!"

Morning comes. Big Owl goes to sleep with his head under his wing and his big eyes are shut up tight. He cannot see the merry little field-mice come out of the buffalo skull and scamper away to hunt for dried seeds. All day they sing,

"We—oh,
We—oh, we—oh!"

Hark! Another strange sound comes on the wind.

"Hi—oh, ki—oh,
Hi—oh, ki—oh!"

call the little Indian boys and girls. They come running over the hill with a net on a pole. They catch Big Owl and carry him home to the camp. He is tied to the lodge-pole. All day he sits and blinks in the sun. All night he calls out,

"Hoot—ta—hoot—ta—hoo—a,
Hoot—ta—hoot—ta hoo!"

The little Indian boys and girls are wrapped in buffalo-skins. With their heads to the fire they sleep and dream while the snow falls fast and white.

The rabbits hop about, the lean wolf howls, and the merry little field-mice sing,

"We—oh,
We—oh, we—oh!"

FIND THE ANSWERS

1. Why is it hard to find the desert people?

2. What animal tracks do you find on the desert?

3. What animals mentioned in the story hunt at night?

4. What does the coyote eat?

5. What difference in color is there between desert birds and other birds?

6. What bright colors do you find on the desert?

7. How does the trap-door spider get its food?

8. What does the story mean when it says that the animals "all leave word"?

9. What is the song of the field-mice?

10. What did the Lean Gray Wolf want?

11. What was the Big Owl looking for?

Many animals help man, but few help more than birds. They make man happy with their songs and beautiful colors, and they destroy many of his worst enemies.

Some birds help most by giving us beauty. Their feathers are bright and beautiful to look at. Some help most by giving us music. They sing bright, beautiful songs that make us happy.

Other birds help most by destroying insects, worms, and weed seeds, which are man's enemies. They save millions of dollars each year in this way.

The Redbird

One of the birds that help in all three ways is the redbird. His real name is cardinal, which means rich red color.

The cardinal is one of our most beautiful birds. As his name tells us, he is a rich red from head to foot, with a little black trimming around his red bill. He has a top-knot, or crest, which makes him look very grand.

The redbird's song is as beautiful as his color. Early in the spring he begins his merry whistle. Then he sings a song of love. Unlike many other birds, the lady bird sings as well as her mate.

Do you see the redbird's strong bill? What do you think he does with it? He can cut into the hardest of fruits with it.

He can crush hard beetles and cut caterpillars from their hiding places in wood. He destroys enough of these enemies of man to pay for the fruit which he eats.

The cardinal lives in many parts of the United States during the summer. In some Southern states he stays all the year.

The Mocking Bird

The mocking bird helps most with his music. He imitates the songs of other birds. He lives in the South.

Do you know what a medley is? When parts of many different songs are woven together into one song we call it a medley. The mocking bird sings medleys that are

so beautiful that poets and musicians have written songs about them.

He is a graceful, trim little bird with a light breast and a row of white feathers across his wings. His beauty does not attract our attention.

His bill is long and sharp. It is just the kind for eating fruit. He eats some cotton worms and grasshoppers, as well. But we must not forget that he helps most with his music.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ANSWER

1. Some birds help man
   by building nests.
   by destroying insects.
2. Some birds help man
   by their beauty.
   by their great size.
3. Some birds help man
   by eating his grain.
   by singing beautiful songs to him.
4. We like the mocking bird for
   his music.
   his bright color.
5. The mocking bird lives
   in the North.
   in the South.
6. The mocking bird is
   red and black.
   gray, with white wing feathers.

7. The redbird helps us in how many of the ways mentioned?

   One.

   Two.

   Three.

8. In the redbird family, which bird sings?

   Only the father bird.

   Only the mother bird.

   Both birds.

9. What helps the cardinal to find beetles and caterpillars?

   His strong bill.

   His song.

10. Choose three things that the cardinal eats.

Beetles	Fruit
Meat	Cacti
Mice	Caterpillars

RAGGYLUG

Raggylug was a young cottontail rabbit. He lived in a nest in a swamp, where his mother had hidden him. She had partly covered him with some of the bedding. Her last warning was to "lie low and say nothing, whatever happens."

Though tucked in bed, he was wide awake. After a while, he heard a rustling on the leaves in the near thicket. It was an odd sound. It went this way and that way and came ever nearer, but there was no patter of feet with it.

Rag felt he knew what he was about; he wasn't a baby. It was his duty to learn what it was. He slowly raised his roly-poly body on his short fluffy legs, and lifted his little round head above the covering of the nest.

He peeped into the woods. The sound ceased as soon as he moved. He saw nothing, so he took one step forward to see better. At once he found himself face to face with a big black snake.

"Mammy!" he screamed in terror.

The monster darted at him. With all the strength of his tiny limbs, Raggylug tried to run. But in a flash the snake had him by one ear and whipped around him with his coils. He had a little baby bunny for dinner!

"Mam-my—Mam-my," gasped poor little Raggylug, as the big snake began slowly choking him to death. Very soon the little one's cry would have stopped. But, bounding through the woods straight as an arrow, came Mammy. No longer a shy, helpless little Molly Cottontail, ready to fly from a

shadow! The mother's love was strong in her.

The cry of her baby had filled her with the courage of a hero. Hop — hop, she went over that horrible snake. Whack! she struck down at him with her sharp hind claws as she passed. She gave him such a stinging blow that he squirmed with pain and hissed with anger.

"M-a-m-m-y," came feebly from the little one. And Mammy came leaping again and again. She struck harder and harder until the snake let go the little one's ear and tried to bite the old one as she leaped over. But all he got was a mouthful of wool each time. Soon Molly's blows began to tell, as long bloody rips were torn in the black snake's skin.

Things were now looking bad for the

snake. Bracing himself for the next charge, he lost his tight hold on Baby Bunny. Raggylug wriggled out of the coils and away into the underbrush. He was terribly frightened, but unhurt except that his left ear was much torn by the teeth of that dreadful snake.

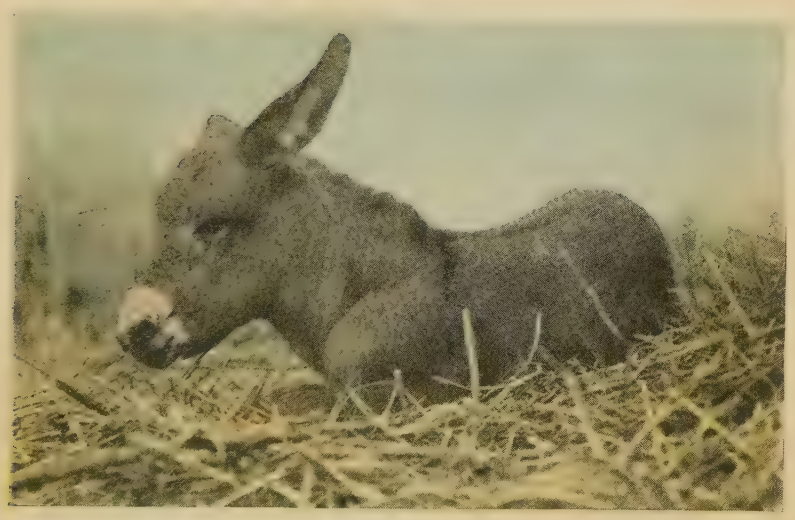
Molly now had gained all she wanted.

Away she went into the woods. The little one followed her snow-white tail until she led him far away to a safe corner of the swamp.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON
(*Adapted*)

1. Tell Raggylug's story in your own words.
2. Tell who, in the story, was

frightened	awake	quick
hurt	angry	brave



LONG EARS

There was once a little gray donkey named Long Ears. He was a pretty little donkey, but I am sorry to say that he was very lazy. He worked only when he had to, and then very unwillingly. It was very mean of him to behave so, because he had a kind master.

Now Long Ears' master had a little dog named Spot. Spot was a great favorite

with the whole family. He was allowed to run about the garden and the house, and when his master came home, he would jump about him, and bark and lick his hands. Sometimes he would even jump into his mistress's lap, as she sat sewing or reading by the fire in the evening.

Poor Long Ears! When he saw what a favorite Spot was, he began to get jealous.

"Why should Spot lead such an easy life?" he said to himself. "He does nothing to earn his living. I work hard all day, but he spends his time frisking about and barking or sleeping in the sun."

So he would talk every day, until he really began to believe that he was not well treated.

At last, one day Long Ears had what he thought was a bright idea.

"Perhaps if I should frisk about and make a lot of noise, as Spot does, they would pet me as they do him," he said to himself.

So he came out of the stable, and began to jump about and switch his tail and hee-haw in the wildest way.

The family heard the noise, and ran to the windows to see what was the matter. When they saw Long Ears' queer behavior, they were much amused and laughed at him.

Long Ears felt very much pleased. "So far, so good," said he. "Now for something still more exciting."

The front door of the house happened to be open, so up the steps clattered Long Ears and on into the house.

Oh! Oh! What confusion! Long Ears'

mistress was nearly frightened to death. The children screamed with terror. Long Ears had gone through the front hall into the living-room. Now he began to jump about, swinging his long tail and hee-hawing as he had done out in the yard.

"Run for father!" cried the children.

Crash! The donkey's long tail knocked the big lamp off the table. What would have happened next nobody can tell. But just at this moment father came running in. He gave Long Ears such a blow that the poor foolish donkey was glad enough to run out into the yard again.

Poor foolish Long Ears!

He never quite understood why he could not be treated like a lap dog, if he behaved like one.

OLD FABLE

One day late in autumn my master had a long journey to go on business. I was put to the dog-cart. John, the coachman, went along. There had been a great deal of rain, and now the wind was very high and blew the dry leaves across the road in a shower.

We went along merrily till we came to the toll-bar and the low wooden bridge. The river banks were rather high, and the bridge, instead of rising, went across just level, so that in the middle, if the river was full, the water would be nearly up to the woodwork and planks. But, as there were good rails on each side, people did not mind it.

The man at the gate said the river was rising fast and he feared it would be a bad

night. Many of the meadows were under water, and in one low part of the road, the water was half-way up to my knees. The bottom was good, however, and master drove gently, so it was no matter.

When we got to the town I had, of course, a good feed, but, as the master's business engaged him a long time, we did not start for home till rather late in the afternoon.

The wind was then much higher, and I heard the master say to John he had never been out in such a storm. And so I thought, as we went along the skirts of a wood, where the great branches were swaying about like twigs and the rushing sound was terrible.

"I wish we were well out of this wood," said my master.

"Yes, sir," said John, "it would be rather

bad if one of these branches came down on us."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a groan, and a crack, and a splitting sound. And crashing down amongst the older trees came an oak, torn up by the roots. It fell across the road just before us. I will never say I was not frightened, for I was. I stopped still, and I believe I trembled. Of course, I did not turn around or run away; I was not brought up to that. John jumped out and in a moment was at my head.

"That came very near," said my master. "What's to be done now?"

"Well, sir, we can't drive over that tree nor yet get around it. There's nothing for us but to go back to the four crossways, and that will be a good six miles before we get

round to the wooden bridge again. It will make us late, but the horse is fresh."

So back we went round by the crossroads. By the time we got to the bridge it was very nearly dark. We could just see that the water was over the middle of it. As this sometimes happened when there were floods, master did not stop.

We were going along at a good pace, but the moment my feet touched the first part of the bridge I felt sure there was something wrong. I dared not go forward, and I made a dead stop. "Go on, Beauty," said my master, and he gave me a touch with the whip, but I dared not stir. He gave me a sharp cut. I jumped, but I dared not go forward.

"There's something wrong," said John, and he sprang out of the dog-cart and came

to my head and looked all about. He tried to lead me forward. "Come on, Beauty; what's the matter?" Of course, I could not tell him, but I knew very well that the bridge was not safe.

Just then the man at the toll-gate on the other side ran out of the house, shaking a torch about.

"Hoy! Hoy! Hoy! Hallo! Stop!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" shouted my master.

"The bridge is broken in the middle and part of it is carried away; if you come on, you'll be in the river."

"Thank God!" said my master.

"You Beauty!" said John, and took the bridle and gently turned me round to the right-hand road by the riverside.

The sun had set for some time. The

wind seemed to have gone down after that blast which tore up the tree. It grew darker and darker and stiller and stiller. I trotted quietly along, the wheels hardly making a sound on the soft road.

At last we came to the park gates and found the gardener looking out for us. He said that mistress had been greatly alarmed, fearing some accident had happened.

We saw a light at the hall door and at the upper windows, and as we came up, mistress ran out, saying to master, "Are you really safe, my dear? Oh! I have been so anxious, fancying all sorts of things. Have you had an accident?"

"No, my dear; but if your Black Beauty had not been wiser than we were, we should all have been carried down the river at the wooden bridge."

I heard no more, as they went into the house, and John took me to the stable. Oh, what a good supper he gave me that night, a good bran mash and some crushed beans with my oats, and such a thick bed of straw! And I was glad of it, for I was tired.

ANNA SEWELL

FIND THE RIGHT ANSWERS

1. How were Long Ears and Black Beauty different as pets?
2. When do you think the story of Black Beauty took place? Why?
3. What kind of horse does this story prove Black Beauty to be?
4. Get the whole story about Black Beauty and read it. Were you right in your answer to Question 2?

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHS

Did you ever have your picture made?

It is easy to make good pictures of boys and girls.

Some photographers make pictures of animals. That is hard to do, because wild animals never want to have their pictures made.

A photographer uses different ways to get the pictures. Sometimes he hunts for them in daylight. That is how the armadillos had their pictures made. He hunts

with his camera as one hunts with a gun.

He slips along, very, very quietly, with his camera all ready. When he sees an animal, he snaps his camera. This is the way the racoon had his picture made.

Sometimes the photographer plays tricks on the animals. He pretends not to see them in their hiding places. As he walks toward them he looks the other way. The animals think that he is going to pass them by. But when he gets up very close, he turns quickly and snaps his camera.

The animals can be photographed by the picture-hunter only between hunting seasons. During the hunting season they are frightened at the least sound. They hide themselves from the hunter's gun. But during the off season the photographer can get quite close to them.

Many animals hide themselves from people during the day. But when night comes, they go in search of food. For this reason, night is the best time to make their pictures.

But a photographer needs light to take pictures. He must use either the daylight, or the good strong lights in his studio, or a flash light. He uses a flash light to take animal pictures at night.

A flash light is made by burning a powder which makes a bright light. The powder is put over a cap, something like the cap you fire in your toy pistol.

A trigger is snapped on the cap by quickly pulling a cord. This fires the cap and the powder flames up in a blinding flash of light. In a second it is all over and the picture is taken.

When an animal is to be photographed at night, the photographer puts out bait for him. He puts it in a place that will make a good background for a picture. He hides near by with his camera and flash all ready. When the animal comes to get the bait, the flash is set off. Boom! Away dashes the frightened animal. But he leaves his picture behind.

Sometimes a camera trap is set for a wild animal. The flash light is connected with a small battery. The battery is connected with the shutter of the camera. The bait is tied to the cord which sets off the flash.

When the animal pulls the bait, the flash fires. This pulls the shutter of the camera and the picture is made. This is the way pictures are made of the most dangerous wild animals.

SOMETHING TO DO

Make a list of the animals whose pictures might be made as the raccoon's was.

Make a list of the animals whose pictures could best be made at night.

IF YOU WANTED TO MAKE PICTURES

1. How would you plan to get a picture of a bear?
2. How would you plan to photograph a nest of birds?
3. How could you get a good picture of a lion?
4. What would you do to get a good picture of a squirrel?
5. How would you plan a trap camera for a coyote?
6. At what season of the year would you go picture-hunting?

HOW TO READ THIS STORY

The next story is about a funny little bear cub, whose name was Johnny. While you are reading the story, try to find the answer to this question:

Why was Johnny's mother not a good mother?

After you have read the story all the way through, and answered that question, read it again. This time find the parts of the story that tell these things:

1. Where Johnny lived.
2. What kind of cub Johnny was.
3. What his mother thought of him.
4. What was Johnny's favorite food.
5. How Johnny got his mother into trouble.
6. Who won the fight.

JOHNNY BEAR

Johnny was a queer little Bear cub that lived with Grumpy, his mother, in the Yellowstone Park.

They were among the many bears that found a home in the country about the Fountain Hotel.

The Hotel cook every day placed the kitchen garbage where the bears could reach it. This made a daily feast for the bears.

Many of the park bears became so well known to the Hotel men that they were given names suggested by their looks or ways.

Slim Jim was a very long-legged thin Blackbear. Snuffy was a Blackbear that looked as though he had been singed. Fatty was a very fat, lazy Bear that always lay down to eat. The Twins were two half-grown, ragged little things that always came and went together. But Grumpy and Little Johnny were the best known of them all.

Grumpy was the biggest and fiercest of the Blackbears. Johnny, her only son, was a tiresome little cub. He seemed never to stop whining. Perhaps he was sick, for a healthy little Bear does not grumble all the time, any more than a healthy child.

And Johnny looked sick. He was the thinnest bear in the Park. I understood this when I saw what he ate at the garbage-heap. He would try anything at all. And his mother let him do as he pleased. So, after all, it was her fault that Johnny was not healthy.

Johnny had only three good legs. His coat was faded. His legs were thin, and his ears and stomach were large. Yet his mother thought the world of him. She thought that he was a little beauty and the Prince of all Bears. She was always ready to get into trouble for him, and he was always delighted to lead her there. But Johnny was far from being a fool, for he knew just what he wanted and how to get it.

It is quite a common thing for Bears to

spank their cubs when they need it. If Grumpy had done this to Johnny, it would have saved them both a lot of worry.

Perhaps not a day passed, that summer, without Grumpy getting into trouble on Johnny's account. The worst was shortly after the affair with the Grizzly.

I first heard the story from the three mountaineers. I believed every word they told me.

It seemed that of all the tinned goods on the pile, the nearest to Johnny's taste were marked with a large purple plum. Johnny had found this out only after most careful study. The very odor of those plums in Johnny's nostrils was full of delight.

It came about one day that the cook of the Hotel baked a huge batch of plum-tarts, and the telltale wind took the story

far into the woods. There it was blown by way of Johnny's nostrils to his very soul.

Of course Johnny was whimpering at the time. His mother was busy "washing his face and combing his hair," so he had double cause for whimpering. But the smell of the tarts thrilled him. He jumped up, and when his mother tried to hold him he squalled, and I am afraid — he bit her. She should have cuffed him, but she did not. She only gave a growl, and followed to see that he came to no harm.

With his little black nose in the wind, Johnny led straight for the kitchen. He was careful, however, to climb from time to time to the very top of a pine-tree, while Grumpy stayed below.

Thus they came close to the kitchen.

There, in the last tree, Johnny's courage gave out. So he remained in the tree, and set up a loud wail.

Grumpy did not know what her son was crying for. She started to go back into the pines.

But Johnny screeched so loudly that his mother simply could not leave him. He showed no sign of coming down to be led away. He cried if she went, and he cried if she stayed.

Grumpy herself was fond of plum-jam. The odor was now, of course, very strong. Grumpy followed it slowly and carefully, up to the kitchen door.

There was nothing surprising about this. The Bears would often come to the kitchen door for pickings, and on getting something, they would go quietly back to the

woods. Doubtless Johnny and Grumpy would each have got their tart, but something happened.

That week the Hotel people had brought a new Cat from the East. She was not a very large cat, but she had some kittens of her own.

At the moment when Grumpy reached the door, the Cat and her family were sunning themselves on the top step. Pussy opened her eyes to see a huge monster standing before her.

The Cat had never before seen a Bear — she had not been there long enough; she did not know even what a Bear was. She knew what a Dog was, and here was a bigger, more awful bobtailed black dog than ever she had dreamed of, coming right at her. Her first thought was to fly for her

life. But her next was for the kittens. She must take care of them. She must at least cover their retreat. So, like a brave little mother, she braced herself on that door-step, and spreading her back, her claws, her tail, and everything she had to spread, she screamed out at that Bear the order to

STOP!

The language must have been "Cat," but the meaning was clear to the Bear. Grumpy not only stopped, but she also followed the custom of the country and held up her hands.

Old Grumpy had faced a Grizzly once. But was Grumpy now to be held up by a little animal that was not any bigger than a mouthful? She was ashamed of herself, specially when a wail from Johnny smote

on her ear and reminded her of her duty.

So she went on.

Again the Cat shrieked, "STOP!"

But Grumpy did not mind the command. A scared mew from a kitten gave the Cat nerve. Eighteen sharp claws, a mouthful of sharp teeth, had Pussy. She landed on Grumpy's bare, bald nose, just the spot of all where the Bear could not stand it. Then she worked backward to a point outside the sweep of Grumpy's claws.

After trying to shake the cat off, old Grumpy did just as most creatures would have done. She turned around and ran to her own woods.

Puss's fighting blood was up. She was not content. However fast old Grumpy might go, Cat was still on top, working like a little demon.

The trail of the pair was marked with pieces of long black hair. Round and round they went in the mad race. No one knows how far the Cat might have ridden that day had not Johnny put a new idea into his mother's head. He began to bawl from the top of his last tree. Grumpy made for that tree and scrambled up it.

The Cat wisely decided to follow no farther. She jumped from the climbing Bear to the ground. Then she mounted guard below, daring that Bear to come down. Then the kittens came out and sat around, and enjoyed it all. And the mountaineers assured me that the Bears would have been kept up the tree till they were starved, had not the cook of the Hotel come out and called off his Cat.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

A HERO OF THE OIL FIELDS

There was great excitement in the big oil field. Little Billy Button was lost. Billy was three years old. He was proud of his big white buttons. He went up to everybody, pointing at the buttons and saying, "Button, button!" Button was a long word for him to say.

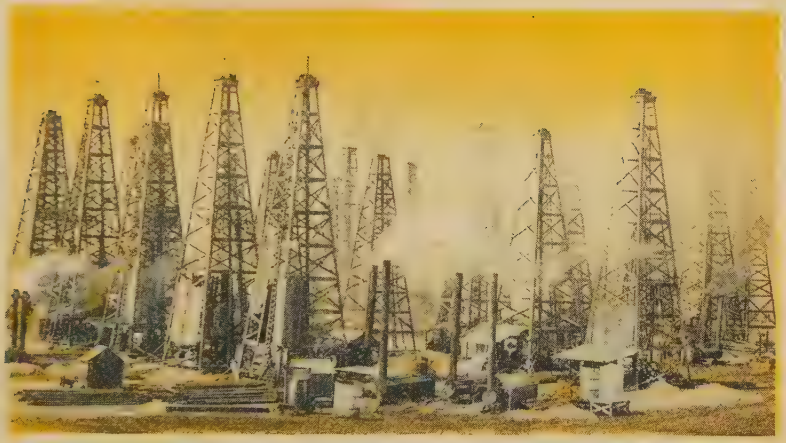
Mrs. Kingsley called "Billy!" all over the house and out in the play yard. Then she ran to Mrs. Blake's house.

Jimmy Blake was sitting on his back step watching the picture made by the derricks against the sunset sky. Tall and black they were, against the yellow in the west.

But Jimmy did not see any beauty in the oil fields. They were grimy and black and smelling of gas and crude petroleum. He frowned and wished he could have lived in the days of King Arthur.

"Those were the real days," he muttered. "A fellow might have been a hero then. There is no chance around here to do a noble deed."

Jimmy had been reading of the Knights of the Round Table. His mother had to call him twice before he answered.



"Billy Button?" he said, when his mother asked him. "I haven't seen him since about four o'clock, when he was playing by the gate."

"The gate!" Mrs. Kingsley turned white.

"Oh, do you suppose Billy could have climbed the fence? Or could anybody have carelessly left the gate open?" she asked.

"The gate" stood between the workmen's homes and the big open fields with derricks and storage tanks and all the machinery of

the oil company. If Billy Button had strayed in there, many unpleasant things could have happened to him.

Mrs. Blake remembered that the gate had been open at five o'clock, but Billy was nowhere in sight then.

Jimmy and the two mothers ran out to the nearest drill house and questioned the driller. He stood in the middle of the drill house with one hand on the heavy cable that was spinning deep into the earth.

"No, I haven't seen him anywhere," said the driller. "But I will go out and look for him."

Soon everybody that could be spared was looking for Billy Button.

Jimmy ran this way and that, asking what had become of the little laughing blue-eyed boy.

Teamsters, tool pushers, drillers, and all left their work and joined in the search. Billy's father searched, too.

Jimmy finally decided to go back nearer the gate and begin his search again from the starting point. He passed a tall derrick that had been abandoned when the drill got down forty feet because the hole was crooked. The derrick was still standing because the hole had not been filled up.

Jim was past the empty rig when something made him turn back for a better look at the slush pit. There was nothing in that big dry hole but the dirt removed from the well.

Just as Jim started on, a scrap of color caught his eye. There, caught on the edge of a board was a newly torn scrap of gingham and a big white button!

Jimmy ran through the rig calling, "Billy! Billy!" But there was no sign of the lost baby. Jimmy crawled under the floor of the derrick with much squeezing, for the floor was close to the ground.

It was darker underneath than he expected, but light enough to see that there was no Billy. He crawled near the mouth of the deep hole. A sudden fear made his teeth chatter.

What if Billy Button had fallen down there?

He tried to look down into the dark well, but he could see nothing. He called again, "Billy! Billy Button!" How strange his voice sounded rolling down into the shadowy hole. A faint whimpering answer came up from the blackness. Jimmy's heart stood still.

"Billy Button, is that you?"

Again the cry from below. Jimmy couldn't tell that Billy was crying, "I'se losted, I'se losted," but there was no longer any doubt of his voice. Billy Button was at the bottom of that forty-foot hole.

Jimmy scrambled from under the floor and ran shouting for help.

In a very few minutes the place was crowded. Everybody crowded around the tall derrick, where the pitiful cry of little Billy came faintly up from the dark earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley knelt down on the floor of the rig and called to their baby.

How was Billy to be rescued? It was impossible to use hooks for fear of hurting the child. At last a call was made for a volunteer to be let down into the hole on a rope. Several men stepped forward. But

it was seen at once that the hole was too narrow for their bodies.

During the hubbub nobody noticed that Jimmy Blake had stepped forward at the first call for volunteers. Now he pulled at the coat of the man who seemed to be in charge.

"I'm not too big. Let me go."

Jimmy's father swallowed a lump in his throat. It was no small thing for the boy's body to go swinging, swinging, forty feet in the dark underground.

"That's the boy, Son," he said at last. "Of course you can do it."

The cable was fastened under Jimmy's shoulders. His mother smiled and kissed him, though she looked a bit pale.

Down — down — down swung the strong rope till Jimmy gave the signal to stop.

After a few moments of waiting came the signal to pull. Quickly strong arms lifted Jimmy to the top—but no Billy Button!

"My baby?" cried Mrs. Kingsley.

"He's in there all right," gasped Jimmy, "but I couldn't reach him. The hole is too narrow. I'll have to go down head first!"

People cried, "Too risky!" "He can't hold his head down so long!"

Jimmy Blake's own father made the rope fast about the boy's feet.

It was a quiet group that stood about the derrick and watched Jimmy Blake go head first down into an oil well hole.

Darkness had come on and thousands of electric lights twinkled from derrick tops all over the oil field. It was a lovely sight, but nobody had time to see it. All eyes were turned to the small open square

where the strong cable stretched tight.

At last came the signal. Swiftly as they dared, the cable was rolled up. Every second seemed an hour to the watchers. Finally came the soles of Jimmy's shoes; then his stockings; then his grey knickers. At last there was Jimmy hanging head down, his face almost purple. And there in his arms was Billy Button, safe and sound except for some scratches.

What a shout went up! How had that baby ever got down there without being killed! And what talk of a medal for young Jim Blake!

But Jimmy was happiest when his mother, tucking him into bed that night, whispered, "Mother's own brave knight. Even Sir Arthur's men never went on a quest more splendid."

CHOOSE THE RIGHT WORD OR PHRASE

1. Billy Button was Billy's
   real name.
   nickname.
2. Jimmy had been reading about
   oil wells.
   knights.
3. Jimmy stopped when he saw
   the oil derrick.
   a piece of gingham.
4. Jimmy knew Billy was in the well,
   because he heard his voice.
   because the well was deep.
5. When Jimmy was lowered into the well,
   his mother was worried.
   his mother was happy.
6. What Jimmy did was
   a brave deed.
   an everyday happening.

THE WHEEL SONG

Johnny King and his little sister, Sue, pass an oil refinery every morning on their way to school. An oil refinery is a place where oil is made into gasoline and other products.

Johnny and Sue and the children like to hear the thumping sound of the machinery. They made a little rhyme about it. See if you can hear the wheels turning when you read it. How would you like to make a

song that sounds like something you have heard?

The oil refinery pipes
When we pass by
Are puffing smoke against
The bright blue sky.

The busy wheels keep turning
All the day long,
And we can hear them singing
This little song:

Work to be done! Work to be done!
Runrunrun! Runrunrun!
Don't you shirk!
Don't you shirk!
Hurry to work! Hurry to work!
Runrunrun! Runrunrun!

LEXIE DEAN ROBERTSON

The man who wore glasses went to the other end of the car, and the two little girls watched him closely. He dropped into a vacant seat, took out a card and pencil, and wrote:

"*Dear Little Girl with the Blue Hat* — I am tired of reading, and there is no one here to talk with, so I am writing you this note. Perhaps your mother will let you answer it. The little girl with the brown hat, whose nose turns up — just a wee bit — is she your sister? This note is partly to her.

"Sincerely yours,

"A Fellow Traveller."

He folded his note and beckoned the little girl with the brown hat. She came teetering down the car, took it solemnly,

and carried it to the little girl in the blue hat, who read it, and, as fast as she could, scribbled her answer:

"*Dear Man with the Glasses* — It was very kind of you to write to us. Grace and I were tired, too. Grace is my sister. You thought right about that. She is six years old, but she does not go to school. My father keeps a store, and he is the best man in the world.

"Your friend,

"MURIEL."

This time Grace, with the brown hat, sat waiting until the man finished his note. Then she ran back with it. It read:

"*Dear Muriel* — Thank you for writing so soon. Just from looking at you and Grace I rather thought some older person in your family must be nice, but, strangely

enough, I never once thought of your father. I live near Chicago, in a house with a big yard, that holds a play-house, and a sand-pile, and a swing; and I am going to California. A lady there let me marry her daughter, and I want to see her again and thank her for it. Where are you going?"

When Grace carried this note back, Muriel scribbled, faster than ever:

"*Dear Man*—We are so glad that you are going to California, because we are, too. Mother is taking us out to see our grandmother. She lives by the ocean. It seems very strange, but we live near Chicago, too, and have things like that in our yard. Don't you love to ride on trains?

"With love,

"MURIEL."

The answer that came was:

"*Dear Muriel*—I do like riding on trains, but sometimes I wish there was not so much of it all at one time. I hope we shall be well enough acquainted by and by so that you can visit me over here. You see such interesting things out of my window—a moment ago I saw a prairie dog village, and just now I saw two rabbits, running as fast as if their mother had sent them on an errand."

Muriel read until she came almost to the end, then she bounced out of her seat.

"O Grace!" she called. "Come, quick!"

They ran down the aisle and fairly tumbled into the man's lap.

"Did you really see prairie dogs and rabbits?" demanded Muriel.

The man looked quite startled.

"Well!" he said. "This is getting acquainted fast!"

Grace reached up and took firm hold of the end of his nose.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Don't look that way. We're not going to play strangers any more. We're going to be just your little girls again. We like it better."

FREDERICK HALL

JACK O'LANTERN

Hallowe'en was coming. Peggy liked Hallowe'en best of all the days except Christmas. So did Betty, Ned, and Dick.

Ned and Dick lived near Peggy. They were in her class at school. They planned to have fun in school that day. They told the other children of their plans. They called it a Jack o' Lantern party.

All the children made costumes. The girls cut out black cats and witches and sewed them on the blackboard.

They all made paper caps. Some caps were black and yellow.

When they put on their costumes, they looked very gay.

The day came and every child brought a Jack o' Lantern to school. There were twenty children in the class.

Miss White, the teacher, pulled down the dark shades. The room was very dark.

Miss White said, "Watch and you will see the Jack o' Lanterns laughing at you."

Sure enough, first, Peggy's Jack began to grin, then Betty's. One by one, every Jack was laughing at the children. The children laughed back at the Jacks.

Then Peggy hid in a dark corner. A voice seemed to come from Peggy's Jack o' Lantern. This is what he said:

Oh, once I was a pumpkin yellow,
Now I am a jolly fellow.

On Hallowe'en I skip and prance
And join the witches in the dance.

With broomstick nag I speed on high,
And turn a somersault in the sky.

Then down I come with mighty thump
And make the silly earth-folks jump.

I play with goblins hide and seek,
And pull their caps and make them squeak.

I fly up to the moon and sing
With cats so black in magic ring.

I peep into your windows bright
And grin at you for your delight.

All night I skip and shout and play;
When morning comes I'm far away.

All the children clapped and said, "Oh, say it again!"

The other Jacks seemed to like to hear their brother talk. They looked very jolly.

Betty said, "Let us teach all our Jacks to say it."

Peggy gave each of them a copy of the rhyme to take home.

Then all the Jack o' Lanterns and children went home for more Hallowe'en fun.

MILDRED BATCHELDER

Name the person or persons in one of these two stories who

1. Wrote letters to two little girls.
2. Pretended not to know their father.
3. Wore a brown hat.
4. Went to California.
5. Had a Hallowe'en party.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

There was once upon a time a fisherman and his wife, who lived together in a little hut near the sea, and every day he went down to fish.

There he sat with his rod, and looked out upon the black water; and this he did for many a long day. One morning the line went to the bottom, and, when he drew it

up, a great Flounder was hooked at the end. The Flounder said to him, "Let me go, I pray you, fisherman. I am not a real fish, but an enchanted prince. What good shall I do you if you pull me up? I shall not taste well. Put me back into the water, and let me swim."

"Ah," said the man, "you need not make such a fuss. A fish which can speak I would rather let swim." So saying, he put the fish into the water, and as it sunk to the bottom it left a long streak of blood behind it. Then the fisherman got up, and went back to his wife in their hut.

"Have you caught nothing to-day, husband?" said she.

"Oh!" he replied, "I caught a flounder, who said he was an enchanted Prince. I threw him again into the sea to swim."

"Did you not wish first?" she inquired. "No!" said he.

"Ah!" said the wife, "that is very unlucky. You might have wished for a better hut at least. Go again and call him; tell him we want to have a better hut."

"Ah!" replied he, "how shall I manage that?" "Why," said his wife, "you must catch him again, and before you let him swim away he will grant what you ask. Be quick."

The man was not much pleased. But he went down to the sea. When he came to the water, it was green and yellow. The man stood by it and said,

"Flounder, Flounder in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell!"

Then the fish came swimming up, and said, "What do you want with me?" "Oh!" said the man, "I was to catch you again; for my wife says I ought to have wished before. She won't stay any longer in her hovel, and desires a cottage."

"Go home again," said the Flounder, "she has it already." So the fisher departed, and there was his wife, no longer in the dirty hovel, for in its place stood a clean cottage.

"Come in," said the wife.

So in they went, and in the cottage there were a beautiful parlor, and a fine fireplace, and a bedroom. There were also a kitchen and a store-room with nice earthenware, all of the best; tinware and copper vessels, and everything very clean and neat. At the back was a large yard with hens and

chickens; as well as a nice little garden, full of flowers and fruit trees and vegetables. "See!" said the wife, "is not this charming?"

"Yes," said the husband, "so long as it blooms you will be very well content."

"We will consider about that," she replied, and they went to bed.

Thus eight to fourteen days passed on, when the wife said:

"Husband, the cottage is far too narrow for me, and the yard and garden are too small. The flounder may very well give us a larger house. I wish to live in a large stone palace. Go then, to the flounder, and ask him to give us a castle."

"Ah, wife!" said he, "the cottage is good enough; why should you wish to have a castle?"

"Go along!" she replied, "the flounder will soon give you that."

"Nay, wife," he said, "the flounder gave us the cottage at first, but when I go again he will perhaps be angry."

"Never you mind," said she; "he can do what I wish for very easily, and willingly. Go and try." The husband was vexed at heart, and did not like going, and said to himself, "This is not right." But at last he set off.

When he came to the sea, the water was quite clouded and deep blue, and black and thick. It looked green no longer, yet it was calm. So he went and said,

"Flounder, Flounder in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell!"

"Now then, what do you want?" said the Flounder.

"Oh," said the man, half-frightened, "she wants to live in a great stone castle." "Go home, and see it at your door," replied the fish.

The fisherman went away, and lo! where his house had stood, there was a great stone castle. His wife called to him from the steps to come in. Taking him by the hand, she said, "Now look about."

So they walked about, and in the castle there was a great hall, with marble tables. There were ever so many servants, who showed them through folding doors into rooms hung all round with tapestry, and filled with fine golden stools and chairs. There were crystal looking-glasses on the walls. All the rooms were as richly fitted

up. Outside the house were large courtyards, with horse and cow stalls, and wagons, all of the best. There was a beautiful garden filled with flowers and fruit trees. The meadow was a mile long, covered with deer, oxen, and sheep, as many as one could wish for. "Is not this pretty?" said the wife. "Ah," said her husband, "so long as the humor lasts you will be content with this, and then you will want something else."

"We will think about that," said she, and with that they went to bed.

The next morning the wife woke up just as it was day and looked out over the fine country which lay before her. Her husband did not get up. She stood there with her arms a-kimbo, and called out, "Get up, and come and look here at the

window. See, shall I not be Queen over all the land? Go, and say to the Flounder, 'We choose to be King and Queen.'"

"Ah, wife," said he, "why should I wish to be King?" "No," she replied, "you do not wish, but I do. Go, find the Flounder."

"Oh, why do you wish this? I cannot say it," said the husband.

"Why not? Go off at once; I must be Queen." The husband set out at last. She would have her way, and when he came to the sea it was quite black-looking, and the water splashed up and smelled very badly. But he stood still, and repeated,

"Flounder, Flounder in the sea
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel
Wishes what I scarce dare tell!"

"What does she want now?" asked the Flounder. "Ah!" said he, "she would be Queen." "Go home, she is so already," replied the fish. So he departed, and when he came near the palace he saw it had become much larger, with a great tower and gateway in front of it. Before the gate stood a herald, and there were many soldiers, with kettledrums and trumpets.

When he came into the house he found everything made of the purest marble and gold. Through the hall he went in at the doors where the great court apartment was, and there sat his wife upon a high throne of gold and diamonds. She had a crown of gold upon her head and a sceptre of precious stones in her hand. Upon each side stood six pages, in a row, each one a head taller than the other.

Then he went up, and said, "Ah, wife, are you Queen now?" "Yes," said she, "now I am Queen!"

That night the Queen could not sleep for thinking what she should be next. Very early she rose, and looked out of the window. As she saw the sun rising, she thought to herself, "Why should I not do that?" So she shook her husband and called out to him, "Go, tell the Flounder I want to make the sun rise."

Her husband was so frightened that he tumbled out of bed, but she would hear nothing, and he was obliged to go.

When he got down to the sea a tremendous storm was raging, and the ships and boats were tossing about in all directions.

He spoke to the fish as usual.

"What would she have now?" said the Fish.

"Ah!" he replied, "She wants to be Ruler of the Universe."

"Return, and find her back in her hovel," replied the Flounder.

The fisherman went back. He did find her in her hovel. And there she remained for the rest of her days.

From Grimm's Fairy Tales

SOMETHING TO DO

Make a play about the fisherman and his wife.

1. Make a list of characters.
2. How many scenes will you have?
3. What are they?
4. Give your play.
5. Ask the other children to tell you what they think of it.
6. Give your play again, making it better this time.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ANSWER

1. The fisherman was
   wise, weak, strong-minded.
2. His wife was
   sweet, gentle, discontented.
3. The wife made the flounder
   pleased, angry, happy.

LOLITA

Lolita is a little Mexican girl. She is always busy, from the moment she wakes up in the morning, until she falls asleep at night.

Early in the morning she gets up. The first thing she does is to roll up her bed and put it away!

Lolita does not live in Mexico. She lives in the United States. But many of the

customs of her family are the same as the customs and ways of her people who live in Mexico.

There, if you were traveling, you would see many little white houses. They are made of adobe.

Lolita lives in an adobe house.

Many Mexicans live in Lolita's city. They have their own market place. There you can buy all kinds of fruit and vegetables.

People who have food to sell bring it in wagons or trucks to a place on the public square. There they unload their wagons or trucks, and are ready to sell you fine apples, potatoes, peaches, melons, or any fruit or vegetable that can be raised.

Sometimes Lolita goes to the square to buy things for her mother.

In little shops around the market place, you can buy many beautiful Mexican things.

Lolita likes best the shop where she bought her little Mexican doll. To get there, she had to pass a shop where they have big sombreros. Lolita's brother has a big sombrero, but he does not wear it every day.

Another shop that Lolita likes is one where they sell beautiful Indian rugs and Mexican pottery.

Out on the square there are many tables. There the people who work or shop in the market, and many others besides, go to eat Mexican food.

The women who keep the stands, or little restaurants, make the Mexican food. Lolita's mother has a stand in the market place. Sometimes she lets Lolita help her beat the corn into a paste, when she is going to make tortillas. The Mexicans use tortillas for bread.

Not far from Lolita's home are the ruins of a building. It is all that is left of a Mission that was built long ago.

Many years ago, men came from over the sea in Spain to teach the Indians.

They brought grain, vegetables, and flower seeds with them. They brought horses, cows, sheep, goats, and poultry.

Before the Spaniards came, the Indians had corn and some other food plants, but most of the things the white men brought from Spain were new to them.

At first, the Indians did not like the new people. They hid behind trees and rocks to watch them at work. At last they came out of their hiding. They learned to plant and make things the white men's way. They worked for the white men. They helped build these beautiful buildings.

The Indians had always lived in tents, or had made their homes of adobe. The Indians did not know how to cut stones and fit them together into a house. But now they learned.

HOW MUCH DO YOU REMEMBER?

1. Tell one interesting fact about each of these things which you have read about Lolita.

The way she sleeps.

The kind of house she lives in.

Where her mother buys vegetables.

Where she eats some of her meals.

The kind of food she eats.

2. The missions were built by

the early English settlers in America.

the missionaries and the Indians.

3. Tell how many of these things were brought by the missionaries:

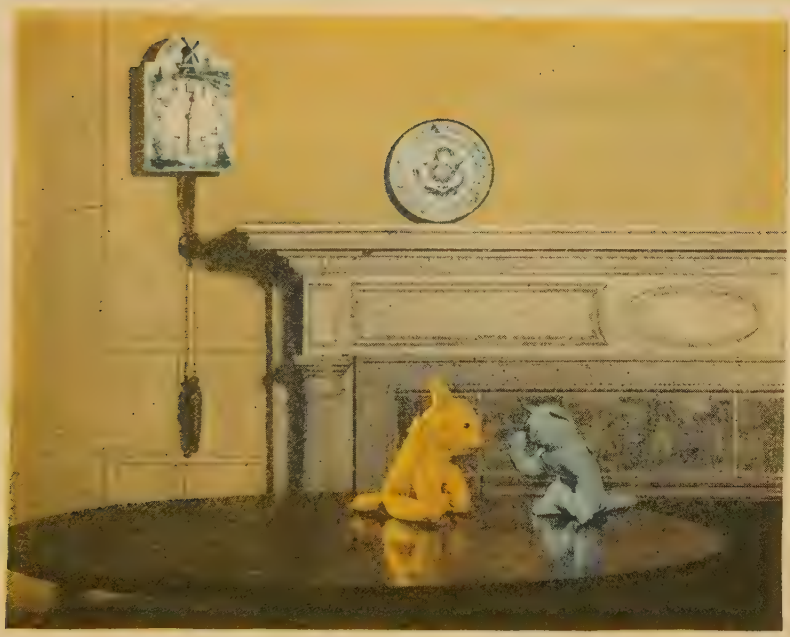
automobiles	grain
farm animals	airplanes
chickens	houses
tools	ships
prairie dogs	cattle

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you
think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese
plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.

(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-
place



Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!

(Never mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we
do!"

But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't fancy I exaggerate —
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!

(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD

FIND THE RIGHT WORD OR WORDS

1. When did the duel take place?
   At five o'clock.
   At half-past twelve.
2. What was flying in the air?
   Bits of gingham and calico.
   The Chinese plate.
3. Where did the poet get his news?
   From the Chinese plate.
   From the calico cat.
   From the old Dutch clock.
4. What was left the next morning?
   No trace of dog or cat.
   The calico cat.
   The gingham dog.
5. What do some folk think happened?
   That burglars stole the pair.
   That they ran away.
   That the dog ate the cat up.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them from the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low and on the brooks
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods for winter waiting;

While comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TODAY

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand —
So what could I do but laugh and go?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

READ AND TELL

1. Which of the two poems you have just read, you like better.
2. Why you like it.
3. Which poem shows you more pictures.
4. Two pictures you would like to draw after reading the poems.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
Never afraid are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 't was a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD

What pictures do you see in "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod"? In the next poem? Which poem do you like better? Why?

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to any Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

READ AND TELL

1. Something that has happened to you that reminds you of this poem.
2. Whether this poem would make a song.

POPLAR TREES ARE HAPPIEST

Poplar trees are laughing trees,
With lilting silver call.
Willow trees droop weepingly
And never laugh at all.

Maple trees are gorgeous trees
In crimson silks and gold;
Pine trees are but sober trees,
Aloof and very old.

Black-oak trees walk sturdily,
And live oaks eager run;
The sycamores stand lazily
Beneath the summer sun.

But poplar trees are laughing trees
Wherever they may grow —
The poplar trees are happiest
Of all the trees I know.

HARRY NOYES PRATT

WISH

A frog's a very happy thing,
Cool and green in early spring,
Quick and silver through the pool,
With no thoughts of books or school.
Oh, I want to be a frog —
Sunning, stretching on a log,
Blinking there in splendid ease,
Swimming naked when I please.
Nosing into magic nooks,
Quiet marshes, noisy brooks —

Free! and fit for anything—
Oh, to be a frog in spring!

JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR

CHOOSE THE RIGHT WORD

1. Poplar trees are ___ trees.
2. Maple trees are ___ trees.
3. Pine trees are ___ trees.
4. Black-oak trees walk ___.
5. The sycamores stand lazily beneath the ___ sun.
6. Willow trees never ___ at all.
7. A frog's a very ___ thing.
8. The child in the poem wanted to be a ___.
9. A frog's color is ___ and ___.
10. A frog suns on a ___.
11. A frog has no thought of books or ___.

I

At one time, no white people lived in this country. From north to south, from east to west, everywhere the Indians lived. And the people who lived on the other side of the world did not know anything at all about this side. For the great ocean lay between, and no one had ever sailed across it, and no one dared to.

In that other part of the world was a country to the east called India. The journey to India was very long and hard. There were hot, sandy deserts to cross, and high, snowy mountains.

Of course you know that in those days there were no railroads of any kind. The journey to India had to be made with camels and horses.

After many years had gone by, a boy, Christopher Columbus, was born.

He lived in Italy. His home was by the sea, and he said that when he grew to be a man he should be a sailor.

The boy learned to be a sailor. He studied navigation and geography.

A few people said then: "The world is not flat. It is a great round ball."

Most of the people laughed at this. They could not believe that the world was round.

But Christopher Columbus said: "I believe the world is round. If I had some ships, I would sail out upon that ocean, and see where it goes."

He felt sure that, if he sailed far enough, he would come to India. Then people would not have to cross the deserts and mountains. He would find the way to go in ships.

II

People laughed at Columbus, and would not give him ships, and he had no money to buy them.

He went from country to country, from king to king, asking for ships to sail to India. Everywhere he was laughed at. Some people even thought he was crazy.

At last, Isabella, the Queen of Spain, heard Columbus. She said to her husband, the king: "If you will not get the ships for Columbus, I will sell my jewels and buy the ships myself."

But Isabella did not have to sell her jewels. Ferdinand, the King of Spain, gave Columbus three ships.

There were not many sailors who cared to go with Columbus. But after a time he found some brave fellows willing to sail with him.

So, when his ships and his sailors were ready, he sailed away from Spain, and out upon that ocean which sailors had not dared to cross. The days grew to weeks, the weeks to months, and still they sailed and sailed. On all sides lay the great ocean, and the wind blew them on and on.

When the sailors lost sight of land, they became frightened, and asked: "Shall we ever get back to our homes again?"

They begged Columbus to turn back, but Columbus was not one to give up.

Then the sailors planned to throw Columbus into the sea, and go back without him. Columbus discovered their plans, and talked with the sailors. He asked them to sail for three more days. "Then," he said, "if we do not see land I will go back."

III

They sailed for three more days. On the third day they saw a branch floating on the water. There were berries on it.

"See," said Columbus, "there must be land near here!" To his great joy a distant shore was soon seen. Cheer after cheer went up from the tired, homesick sailors.

Columbus thought the land must be India, so he called the people he saw upon the shore Indians.

Columbus and the sailors landed. How glad they were to step upon the land, after the long time spent upon the water!

Columbus thanked God for bringing them safely across the unknown sea. Then he said: "I claim this land in the name of Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand of Spain."

After a while Columbus sailed back to Spain. He took some of the Indians home with him, to prove that he had found a country on this side of the ocean.

There was great rejoicing in Spain when Columbus and his sailors returned. Bells were rung, and the queen and the king received him in their palace. No one laughed at him now, nor called him crazy.

Twice again he sailed across the ocean, but Columbus never knew what a great discovery he had made. He always supposed this country was India. He died without finding out that it was not India at all.

Soon there were ships from England, ships from France, and ships from many other countries crossing the great ocean. Every one wanted to see the new world that Columbus had found. Many thought

it would be a nice place to live in. They knew now that it was not India, but a great part of the world that none of them had known anything about.

A man, named Americus, wrote a book about the new world. No name had yet been given it, and some one said: "Let us name the new world after Americus."

So it was named America, and, in time, the English people, the French people, the Dutch people, the Spanish people, and all who came here were called Americans.

1. How did people in Europe used to get to India?
2. How did Columbus prove that he was right?
3. This story is divided by numbers. Read it again, and name each part.

The boy surveyor that I am going to tell you about was born in Virginia, in an old-fashioned farm house near the Potomac River. He was born on February 22, 1732, so I know you will guess his name. He became a great man in after years, but when he was a boy he was much like other boys.

George Washington, for that was the boy's name, did not have such chances to go to school as boys have now. The school houses were small and rudely built, and there were not so many school books as there are now.

But George soon learned to read and write and to do simple problems in arithmetic. He became a very good penman, but he was never a good speller.

We still have some of his copy-books and books of exercises. From them we can

learn some of the ways he spent his time in school. He used to write down in these books rules or maxims to help him to behave properly. Among them are the following:

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

"When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it."

"Every action in company ought to be some sign of respect to those present."

George was a strong and active boy, and a great leader among his friends. He was good at running, jumping, wrestling, and throwing quoits, and he was a daring horseman. It is said that he once rode an unbroken colt that belonged to his mother, and held on although the animal tried hard to throw him off.

One of George's favorite sports was playing soldiers. He would form his playmates into companies, and march them about and drill them.

But George was not merely a strong and active boy. He was also honest and truthful. The boys trusted him, and often came to him to ask him to settle their quarrels.

When George was sixteen years old, he went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he met Lord Fairfax, an Englishman, who owned a large plantation not far from his brother's place. Lord Fairfax took a liking to the tall, shy young man, and soon they became firm friends.

They rode and hunted through the woods, and they went on long surveying trips together. Lord Fairfax had read a great deal, and had travelled in many parts of the world. From his talk George learned about books and far away places that he had never seen.

Now Lord Fairfax owned a great piece of land in Virginia. As he wished to know more about this land, he hired George to visit it and report to him about it. With him was to go a young relative of Lord Fairfax, a few years older than George.

George wrote about his trip: "We camped in the woods and after we had pitched our tent, and made a large fire, we pulled out our knapsacks. Everyone was his own cook."

Once they met a band of Indians. After supper all gathered about a big fire, and the painted savages danced a wild war dance. As they jumped about, shouting and yelling, one of the band beat time on a rude drum.

It was a hard trip, but a very interesting one for the young men. George was well paid, and — what was more important — he learned a great deal about the woods and about the Indians.

When he came back with his report, Lord Fairfax had him made public surveyor. For the next three years George spent most of his time ranging the woods of Virginia.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ANSWER

1. Why didn't George Washington go to school regularly as we do?

   He did not like school.

   There were not good schools then.

2. What have we to show the kind of school work that he did?

   His copy-books and exercise books.

   His teachers' reports.

3. What were some of his rules?

   Take life as it comes.

   Undertake not what you cannot perform.

4. In what sports was George Washington a leader?

5. On what trip did George learn much about the woods?

   When he went to England.

   When he went surveying.

Did your grandparents ever tell you stories about the times when they were children? Did they ever tell you the stories that their grandparents told them?

The grandparents of your grandparents are your great-great-grandparents. If your great-great-grandparents could tell you stories of the times when they were children, many of them would be like this story.

Long, long ago our country was only a strip of land along the Atlantic Ocean. For many years after the first settlers came to America, they did not try to go farther west. There were high mountains and deep forests just west of the Atlantic Coast. In these mountains and forests lived wild animals and Indians. This made it very hard for people to go across the mountains

and see what was beyond.

You know how, in the days of Columbus, people wondered what was beyond the ocean. So now people wondered what was beyond the forests and mountains. And they meant to find out.

By and by, some daring men went into the mountains to hunt for furs and to trade with the Indians. It was a very dangerous trip. When they returned they told wonderful stories about the country they had seen.

Soon people began to cross the mountains to make their homes in the west.

These people who first made their way into the new country were called pioneers.

No white people lived in that part of the country into which the pioneers moved. It was called the frontier.

The pioneers built strong forts of logs to protect themselves from all dangers. They built their homes, and cleared the land for farms. They built churches and schools and their enemies moved farther west.

Other people came to live in the settlements. The settlements became towns, and some of them grew into cities.

The children of these settlers grew up. Many of them wondered about the country west of them, just as their fathers had wondered about the country that was now their home.

Many people began to travel westward, looking for new land and new homes. They became the pioneers who carried the frontier farther and farther and farther from the East. They had hard lives. They were brave people.

PIONEER LIFE

Frontier life was very hard. There were very few stores where people could buy the things they needed. Those stores sold only the necessary things.

A few pioneers had brought spinning wheels with them. With these they spun cotton into thread and wove coarse cloth. From this cloth they made clothes.

Many people wore clothes made from buckskin. This was the tanned skin of the wild deer.

Very few pieces of furniture were brought on the long trip from the old homes. So the pioneers had only the furniture that was necessary. The beds, tables, and chairs were made from logs.

Dishes were made from wood and from gourds. Forks were made of wire and from joints of cane. Butcher knives and pocket knives were often used at the table. Meals were cooked in the open.

The prairies and woods gave them plenty of wild game. There were deer, bears, wild turkeys, prairie chickens, squirrels, and other game. With some people a possum baked with sweet potatoes was considered a fine dish.

The pioneers had many good times together. They had parties and dances. At a party the children played and watched the grown folks for a while. Then they went to sleep on pallets that were spread out of the way of the dancers.

There were good times in work as well as in play. The men met from farm to farm to gather their crops, to kill their hogs, and to brand their cattle. The women met from house to house to make quilts.

Weddings were occasions for merry-making. Everybody in the colony went.

After the wedding there was a big supper for all the guests. Then the floor was cleared for dancing. The floors were made of split logs and were not smooth like the dance floors of today. But the kind of dancing done did not need a smooth floor.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

1. What furnished most of the food for the pioneers?

   Vegetables. Flour bread.
   Fruit. Wild game.
   Eggs and milk. Beef.

2. How did pioneers cook their food?

   On a stove.
   Over an open fire.
   In a gas oven.

3. Of what did the pioneers make their clothes?

   Of silk and velvet.
   Of linen and fine cloth.
   Of coarse cotton and buckskin.

4. What pleasure did the colonists have?

   Bridge parties and teas.
   Dances and weddings.
   Ball games.

The sun was setting when Mr. Gordon brought his team of horses and prairie schooner to a stop. "Here is the strip of land I have picked out for a home," he said.

Mrs. Gordon's tired face lighted up. Two children, Sally and Sam, jumped out of the wagon. They had laughed, talked, played games, slept, and eaten in that wagon for many days. It had been their home on the long ride from Illinois to the Southwest.

Early the next morning, Mr. Gordon began to unload the wagon. He built a shelter, putting all the boxes in a row. "This will be one wall of our house for the present," he said. "When the things come from the supply station, we can build up the other sides. We will put the canvas over the top for a roof."

In a little while the supplies arrived. Mother soon had the beds up in the new "house." Even the cooking pans and kettle were in place.

One day Father had to go away for new supplies. Mrs. Gordon and the children were left alone.

When night came, the children went to sleep early. There were no electric lights. There was not even a kerosene lamp. The tallow candles were precious. Mrs. Gordon had made them by dipping strings into melted tallow and wax.

Mrs. Gordon did not go to sleep. A big owl kept calling, "Hoo! Hoo!" from a near-by tree. In the distance a coyote howled.

Suddenly a wild lonely cry cut the stillness. It sounded like a human voice.

"A panther!" thought Mrs. Gordon.

The cry came nearer. Sam and Sally awoke. Mrs. Gordon got a gun from the corner, and rested it on a barrel before the doorway.

It was very still in the little house. Suddenly a dark form showed in the dim starlight. Bang! went Mrs. Gordon's gun.

Then all was still. After a long time, Sam and Sally fell asleep again. But Mrs. Gordon did not sleep that night.

The next morning, Sam went out to get some wood. Soon he called to his mother:

"Oh, Mother, Mother! You killed that panther last night! Come and see!"

How proud Mr. Gordon was when he heard the story! He tanned the panther skin, and made a warm rug of it. Sally and Sam slept under it on cold winter nights.

Many years have passed, and Sally is now

a grown woman. She has a little girl and boy of her own. Not long ago, she took them to see the statue of the Pioneer Woman.

"That statue was put there to honor women like your grandmother," Sally said to her children. "The women who traveled west to settle this country of ours were brave, strong women, like the woman represented in the statue. They were not afraid of work, or of danger. Now men have erected this statue to honor them."

There were tears in the grown-up Sally's eyes. She was thinking of her mother, of herself as a little girl, of the panther rug.

"The Pioneer Woman looks brave," said Sally's little girl. "Mother," she added, "are there any more frontiers? I should like to be a pioneer woman like Grandmother!"

Bryant Baker, Sculptor

THE PIONEER WOMAN

AT PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Read this poem. Then tell why you think it follows the pioneer stories.

AMERICA

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains;

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Wide to the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air,—
O land beyond compare,
Thee I love best.

HENRY VAN DYKE

SOME OF THE WORDS AND WHAT THEY MEAN

abandoned, gave up, or left.
acquainted, learned, knew.
adobe, sun-dried brick house.
aftermath, second grass crop of the season.
akimbo, with hands on hips and elbows outward.
ancient, very old.
armadillo, little animal with armor-like covering.
assured, made certain or sure.

batch, dough for one baking or grain for one grinding.
battery, a cell or group of cells to make electric current.
beckoned, to call by a gesture.
bed grounds, place where the cattle slept at night.
beetle, a kind of insect.
belated, delayed.
bewitched, charmed.
blast of wind, strong gust or blowing.
blinds, shade for windows.
boasted, bragged.
bounding, leaping or jumping.
bran mash, thick mixture of bran, food for cattle.
brand, to mark so that anybody may know who is the owner.
brink, edge.

cable, strong rope.
cacti, plants that grow in the desert.
canyon, deep gorge in the earth.
cast, to throw.
caterpillars, butterflies when they are worms and before they can fly.
chaps, short word for *chaparajos,* leather or fur overbreeches worn by cowboys.
chariot, two-wheeled car used in war by men in ancient times.
chinquapin, a kind of chestnut tree and nut.
chuck-wagon, wagon which carries food.
chunk, a short, thick piece of anything.
clattered, made a rattling sound.
claws, the hooked nail in the foot of animal or bird.
clippers, scissors or shearers for cutting wool.
colonist, settler.
comrades, companions, mates.
confusion, not knowing just what to do.
copy book, book with model writing.
corral, a pen for horses or cattle.
costumes, dress.
cotton worms, worms which eat or destroy the cotton.
courtyard, inclosed place near the house.
courage, bravery.
cow puncher, a cowboy, one who rounds up or takes care of cattle.
coyote, a prairie wolf.
crackled, made slight, snapping noises.
crest, the comb on the head of a bird.
cross roads, also **crossways,** roads that cross the main roads.
crude petroleum, oil as it comes from the ground.
crystal, clear.

cuffed, slapped.
custom, same way of doing things.

dame, woman.
derrick, framework for lifting.
dipping, putting into water or other liquid.
dog cart, two-wheeled carriage with two seats back to back.
dogies, stray calves.
dragon fly, kind of insect with long body and four large wings.
drill, tool for boring holes.
duel, fight between two persons.

enchanted, charmed.
enemies, those persons or animals who are unfriendly to us.
enormous, very great.
errand, trip to carry a message.
exaggerate, to overstate.

famous, very well-known.
favorite, that which is preferred above another.
flash light, bright light used in taking pictures at night.
flat boat, flat-bottom boat.
flitter, to move about.
flounder, a kind of flat fish.
fragrant, sweet-smelling.
freighting, loading.
fringes, borders.
frontier, boundary line.
gentians, bright blue flowers.
glitter, to shine, or sparkle.
goatherd, one who takes care of goats.
gorgeous, splendid, showy.
grant, to give or offer.
graze, to eat grass.
grimy, soiled with dirt.
grumbled, complained.

haunts, places often visited.
hawk, a kind of bird that sometimes kills other birds.
herald, messenger.
herd, a number of cattle feeding together.
hiss, to make a sharp sound showing displeasure.
hobbled, tied the legs of the horses so that they would not run away.
hoe-cake, kind of corn meal bread that we baked on a hoe.
hovels, poor cabins or huts.
howl, to make a loud, wailing cry.
hunting season, time of year when one may hunt.
hut, small house.

imaginary, unreal, something thought or dreamed of.
imitate, to do something as some one else does.
industrious, hard-working.

kettledrum, drum like a kettle of brass or copper.
King Arthur, story hero of the Celts.

lanes, narrow paths.
lap dog, small dog.
lasso, a rope with a noose used for catching horses or cattle.
lilting, singing gaily.
littered, scattered carelessly.

machinery, engines or parts of them by which something is done or made.
marble, kind of fine hard stone.
marshes, swampy, wet ground.

meadow, field used for pasture or one from which hay has been cut.
medley, parts of different songs or pieces of music put together into one piece.
mesquite, small tree having sweet pods which are food for cattle.
minnow, small fish, used for bait to catch larger fish.
miser, one who hoards money.
monster, very huge animal or thing.
mosquito, small two-winged insect. Some kinds carry germs of fever.
mountaineer, one who climbs mountains.
mystic, hidden, secret.

navigation, sailing a ship.
nooks, small, out of the way places.
nostril, nose.

oil refinery, place where oil is made pure.
outline, the main lines of a figure.

pages, boys who serve a person of rank.
pasture, grassy land, where cattle feed.
patter, the sound of quick, short steps.
perch, small fresh-water fish.
persimmons, fruit of a tree, good to eat only when they are ripe.
photograph, picture taken by a camera.
photographer, one who takes pictures.
phrase, a group of words which are not a sentence.
pioneer, settler in a border country.
plank, long board.
possum (more properly **opossum**) kind of animal which hangs from trees by its long tail.
pottery, ware made from clay.
poultry, fowls, such as chickens, ducks, turkeys.
prairie schooner, large covered wagon.
prance, to step high like a horse.
precious, very dear.
pretend, to make believe something which is not true.
prickly pears, kind of cactus that has pear-shaped fruit and spines.
products, things raised in the ground or made.
prowl, to roam or wander, hunting for food.
puddle, small body of muddy water.
pursued, followed, hunted.

quest, searching or seeking.
quick-sand, sand that lets a heavy thing sink into it.

raccoon, small brown animal with bushy tail.
ranch, large farm for raising cattle.
regulars, a cowboy word for one of their own men.
rejoicing, showing joy or happiness.
rescued, saved.
rhyme, verse, or poetry.
rip, a tear, as in cloth.
risky, dangerous.
roly-poly, a round, dumpy person, short and fat.
round-up, the gathering together or driving in of herds of cattle.
rounds, the path taken by some one on watch.
rustling, a soft, crackling sound.

sand bar, bar of sand in the river.
shutter, a cover in a camera to control the light.
sceptre, ruler's staff showing authority.
screeched, cried in a sharp tone.

settlers, those who live in new country.
shack, log cabin.
shiftless, lazy.
shirk, one who will not do something.
singed, burned, scorched.
sinker and cork, lead and piece of light wood for fishing line.
skirts of wood, edges of wood.
slush pit, hole in ground for oil mixture for machinery.
sober, calm, steady.
solemnly, seriously, gravely.
sole, under side of shoe.
solitudes, lonely places.
sombrero, broad-brimmed hat.
spat, fuss.
spines, thorns on a plant.
squirmed, wriggled.
stampede, wild running away of animals.
storage tanks, large cans or pits for holding liquid.
strayed, wandered.
studio, workroom of photographer.
stump, part of tree left after trunk is cut off.
sturdily, strongly, firmly.
sunning, sitting or lying in the sun.
surface, the outside part of anything.
surrounds, incloses on all sides.
surveyor, one who measures the land.
swamp, wet, marshy land.
swarm, large number of birds, insects.
sweep, brushing or swinging motion.

team, animals working together.
teamster, one who drives horses.
teetering, moving up and down.
tell tale wind, a wind that tells something which is secret.
terror, very great fear, or fright.
thicket, thick growth of trees or shrubs.
thrilled, felt deeply.
throne, chair of state.
thud, dull, heavy sound.
ticks, little insects which attach themselves to the skin of animals.
tinned goods, food in tin cans.
toll-bar, bar or gate across the road where money is paid.
torches, lights fixed to end of poles.
tortillas, large round cakes baked on hot stones.
tractor, motor-truck used to draw loads.
trail, track made by person or animal.
tremendous, very big.
trim, neat, in good order.
tremble, to shake with fear, to shiver.
trumpet, large horn.
trundlebed, low bed.
tweezers, small tools for pulling out something little.
underbrush, small bushes or shrubs growing thickly in woods or forest.

vacant, empty.
vagrant, wandering.
vat, large tank, or tub.
vexed, made angry.
volunteer, to offer help, or one who offers help.
whine, to make a low cry.
whimpering, low whining.
whirled, turned rapidly.
woodbine, a kind of vine.

yearling, an animal between one and two years old.
yellow jackets, kind of wasps, commonly known as hornets.

HECKMAN BINDERY
BOUND TO
MAR 4 1940
PLEASE
N. MANCHESTER, IND.